

The St. Joseph's  
Collegian

Collegeville, Indiana.



June, 1932



Bernice Bellman





**GRADUATION  
ISSUE**



# The St. Joseph's Collegian

Commencement Day, June 7, 1932

Volume XX

Number Nine

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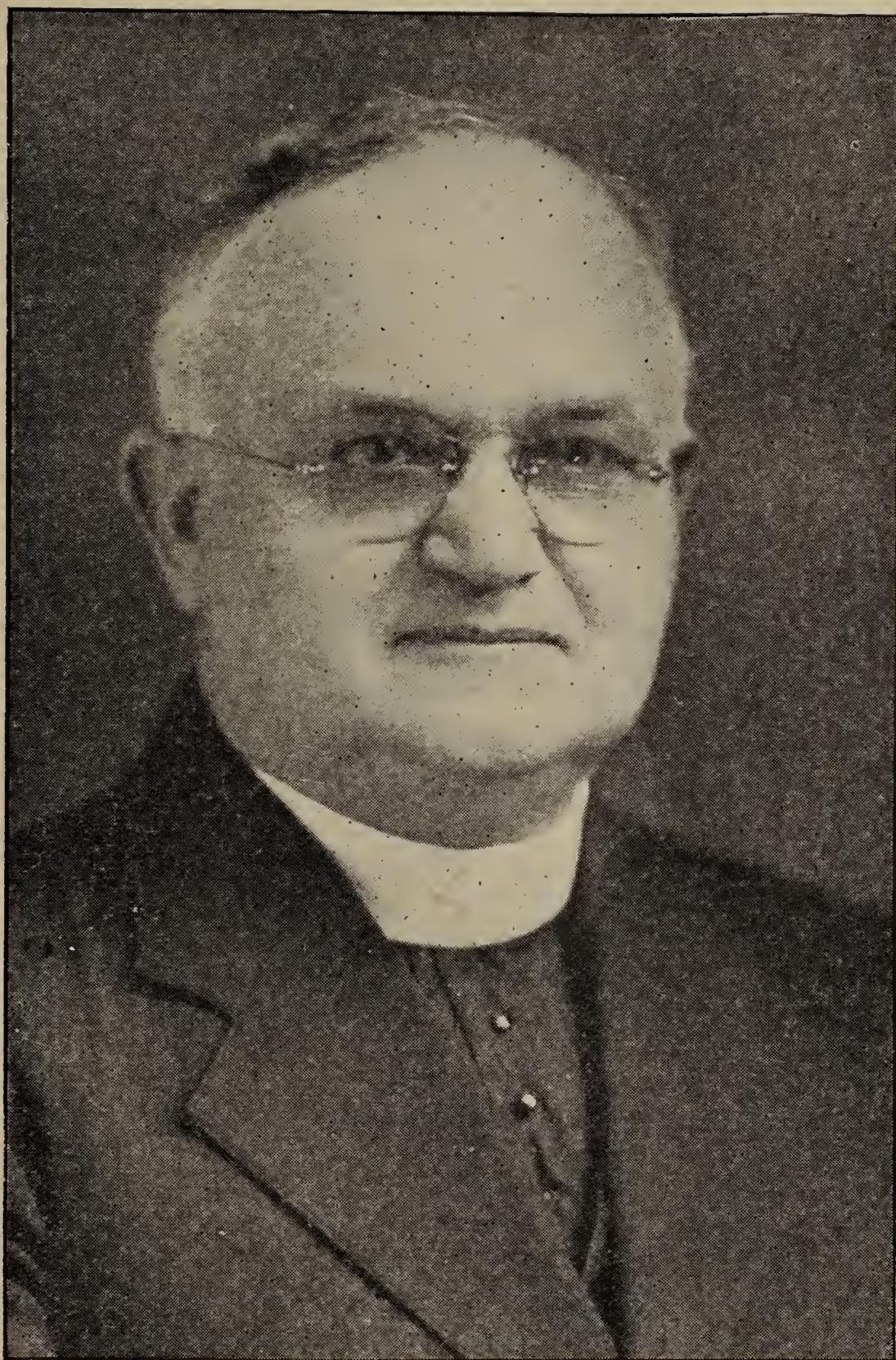


## Dedication

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*With grateful and sincere hearts, we dedicate this Graduation Issue of "The St. Joseph's Collegian" to our beloved professor, the Reverend Maurice Ehleringer, C. PP. S., who for the past twenty years has whole-heartedly and loyally devoted his time and efforts for the progress of St. Joseph's College and its students.*





The Rev. Maurice Ehleringer, C. P.P. S.





Literary



# The St. Joseph's Collegian

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## Newman's Defeat

First Prize, Alumni Essay Contest

Charles Robbins

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Within the shadows of a quiet chamber, and beside a trundle bed, a child is saying his evening prayers. If one could hear those prayers as the Almighty Father heard them, perhaps they would sound something like this: "Oh God, bless my father and mother and bless me; help me to become a bulwark of truth—also God, protect me from the Pope." After his simple prayer was done, the delicate boy leaped into his bed to fall asleep and to dream of God with His glorious angels.

This loving boy was John Henry Newman, who from mere childhood, had been brought up to take deep delight in reading the Bible. Accustoming himself, as a child, to long hours of prayer, hard hours of study, and sweet hours of meditation, his mind soon became wracked and tortured by powerful emotions and by strange reactions to revealed truth. Yet, paradoxically, as it may seem, his soul was happy, tranquil and resigned to the will of God. From day to day, his love for God increased; from day to day, he lived his life in serene contentment, in unshaken, undoubting quiet.

But life was not always to be quiet; already, as a young man, an unconscious revolution was working within his inner being. It was vague and un-

defined, but puissant. His mind drifted into unrecognized influences, yet he fought against these fantasies with all the weapons at his disposal. True to himself, he was striving to disprove the genuiness of the monstrous Catholic Church and its terrible anti-Christ in the person of the dreaded pope. At the same time, he was arriving at a true, but humble realization of his own power and knowledge, for no longer did he feel ill at ease in the presence of the luminaries of the Anglican Church. Not even could his respected friends, Dr. Whatley and Dr. Hawkins, any longer overawe him.

In the year eighteen hundred and thirty-two, Newman was given an unexpected chance to cruise the Mediterranean; this journey became the supreme epoch of Newman's life. The leisure afforded him by this voyage brought about a great change within him. Now, at last, he had time to avert his gaze from the shifting masses, and to turn his eyes upon his own heart. He had a splendid opportunity to become acquainted with the true soul of Catholicism. It did not, however, appeal to him, for it seemed cold, formal, and rigidly shrouded in meaningless ceremonies; yet in his self-complacency, he did not condemn the Church, but with a firm trust in the Almighty, he raised his heart to God for grace: "Lead, Kindly Light!"

This tender prayer seemed efficacious. With new-found hope he started back to England in the noble resolve to pursue his ideal until it ended in God. Arriving in England, he was invigorated and buoyed up by a great enthusiasm; he was induced to say with Achilles, "You shall know the difference, now that I am home." Indeed, the world did know the difference when he set foot upon English shores, for he soon launched one of the greatest post-ref-

ormation movements in history, the Tractarian Movement.

Liberalism was encroaching upon the minds of men, even to such a point as to threaten the Church of England with destruction. Intellectual majesty and freedom of moral convictions appealed more to man than religious duty. A great revolution of ideas, that would cast into oblivion the grandeur and sublimity of the "Catholic" Creed, was imminent in the Church of England. The checking of this attack of Liberalism was Newman's purpose in starting that great Movement which was not only to bring about a world of change in his life, but also to affect the lives of many other people.

Although Liberalism was the target, the shots of this new Savonarola went elsewhere. The deadly weapons which Newman hurled against the Liberals suddenly transformed themselves into boomerangs; they returned to strike and defy Newman's own position with the same zeal and force with which he had sent them out. Laboring under the deception of self-defense against the common enemy of the Movement, he was virtually preparing his mind for the reception of dogmas far more sublime than the Anglican Formulas. The proper renovation of mind, which appeared to him necessary, seemed possible only through private study and public controversy. The Tractarian Movement, as we view it today, proved to be the providential means for leading his sincere soul to the fount of truth.

His life and purposes rapidly approached a climax. The renowned Dr. Pusey entered the Movement, and, under his dominating influence, it became more serious and responsible; it was dawning upon the religious leaders, that the Movement was not the outgrowth of a few puny individuals, but

the reactions of a mighty nation. The causes were to be found in something more profound and sublime than the hollow politics of worldly men. It was a spiritual reawakening; the triumphant return of primitive Christianity.

Primitive Christianity, the stand-by of the Tractarians, became their standard of judgment and their field of philosophical maneuver. If they could but prove that Rome was far from being of primitive make-up, that the Anglican Church was the real Church, Apostolic in its origin and Catholic in its creed, they could effect the greatest good since the first ages of Christendom. And it seemed so easy, too; Rome had obviously erred, and Anglicanism was the protege of God for the further propagation of truth. How purblind, however, was the great Newman to the impending shock awaiting him! Not far hence, he was to be defeated by those means which he had chosen to defend himself; to be defeated by the power that argued not and reviled not; but trusting in his own strength, he was defeated by silence.

One might picture to himself the great Newman, musing over an incident, that brought excitement to all Europe. Soldiers were sent from Paris to the South of France to capture their old general and emperor, Napoleon. These very soldiers, however, captivated by their general's personality, and inspired by their old bravery, instead of conquering him, were assimilated into a new imperial army to march against Paris and the puppet King, Louis XVIII. Little by little, Newman was beginning to realize that he was like these soldiers, although he was not fighting the battles of a nation; he was rather fighting the battle of ideas in the spiritual world—the fateful hour had come!

He plunged head long into the Monophysite discussion; in the midst of this study came the dreadful revelation; it dawned upon him that Anglicanism was but the fleeting shadow of the heresy of Monophysitism. It was plain that England was in heresy. What he supposed to be primitive Christianity, the foundation of all his hopes and plans, betrayed him; for he already was beginning to see the great shadow of mighty Rome overclouding his feeble Anglican compromise. If he condemned the Pope for opposing Anglicanism, then he must also condemn him for opposing Monophysitism, but how might he sustain his arguments? He was defeated—defeated on his own grounds. He humbly submitted to the terms of capitulation; he entered that Church which indeed laid heavy burdens upon him, but in which he found that peace which was to be found nowhere else in this world.

Newman's humble submission to Rome proved to be his stepping stone to final immortality. The greatness of his character caused the minds of those who had for years loved and opposed him, feared and admired him, to project upon the northern English sky a figure of colossal magnitude, over which the fiercest storms can never prevail. Viewed through the mist of years, the harsher features became softened, the greatness of its character gave it a halo, while the loving and brilliant genius of Newman forever gilds it with glory.



## The Portals of Time

Leonard Storch

---

The portals swinging on the hinge of time,  
Unmindful whether man be slow or fast,  
Will close upon his deeds in every clime;  
Then open up to hopes of greater cast.  
The world in awe beholds the rolling gates  
Suspended high in clearest sight of all,  
While slowly they unbar stern human fates  
Which man to glad or irksome duty call.

In solemn state the aging years retire  
Beyond these portals never to return:  
For here, Eternity, that hard umpire,  
Will have the useless past consigned to burn;  
Lest youthful aspirations should grow old  
And lose their worth as life's dull beads are told.

# Was Hamlet Mad?

Second Prize, Alumni Essay Contest  
Joseph Zimerle

In his longest and most sublime play, Shakespeare portrays a wonderful diversity of characters. The good, the bad, the thinker, the man of systematic knowledge, the prating knave, the villainous coward, the fickle virgin, the unworthy friend, the hapless and innocent victim—all are intrinsically created in this profound tragedy. These different specimens of humanity are sketched in such a perfect fashion as to reveal the genius of Shakespeare in all its grandeur, his philosophical mind in all its wisdom, his incomparable shrewdness with all its insight into human nature.

Among the many ideals visualized in the characters of this remarkable play, the priceless jewel of Hamlet's friendship predominates over all. To give color to the entire production, Shakespeare uses the wonderful friendship between Hamlet and Horatio, his sincere guide in adversity, to very great advantage. Realizing the value of true amity, Shakespeare through Hamlet pays an honorable tribute to a friend in words which only a man of character could utter:

“Give me the man  
That is not passion's slave  
And I'll wear him in my heart's core  
Aye in my heart of hearts,  
As I do thee.”

In addition to this loving friendship, a multitude of questions interests the reader. Of these, some may be easy to answer; others, however, are of such a baffling nature that a definite solution seems impossible. Many of the questions suggested by the

play concern Hamlet and his own personal disposition. Several of these are of vital importance, and upon their correct interpretation depends the effect of the play as a true reflection of life. Among the few major topics of dispute falls the age-old question, "Was Hamlet Mad?" This is the question under discussion.

For all practical purposes, Hamlet chose to be mad, and as such a person, fit for Bedlam, he was held by everyone. Polonius, more out of policy than out of propriety, wishes to consider Hamlet mad. This is a typical statement that Polonius often expressed:

"Your noble son is mad:  
Mad I call it; for to define true madness,  
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?"

Hamlet, however, cannot be considered mad because the "Fishmonger" believes him such, for it is evident that this fellow himself does not know in what true madness consists, inasmuch as he fails to define it.

By his keen wit and sound judgment, Hamlet saved his own life, and thus thwarted the bloody king's Neronian designs. No person lacking mental control could possibly act as cautiously as did Hamlet, without running into some trap which the cunning king had set. Desiring to conceal his secret from the vulgar court, Hamlet necessarily must have recourse to many tricks of equivocation. To accomplish an end by trickery without being caught is a very hazardous task and requires a thinking brain to succeed. Is it possible for a madman to think orderly? Hardly would it be possible, for a man whose mind is out of control to discover whether the nefarious king was guilty or not—Hamlet devised a playlet, in which he exhibited a death scene closely resembling the fateful end of his father. Yea more!

To rid Denmark of the perfidious usurper, Hamlet skilfully makes use of his sword. Could a mad man act thus wisely and skilfully? Could a mad man devise such practical methods to accomplish his ends as did Hamlet? On the contrary, Hamlet was a sane man.

A student at the University of Wittenburg, Hamlet was zealously engaged in his studies, not bothering at all with the affairs of home and state. Probably a thoughtful letter, which dealt mostly with the "hot times" at college, was his only communication with his family. Suddenly the news of his father's death is reported to him. His entire system sustains a nervous shock. Immediately he rushes home to attend the funeral. About a month later he is forced to attend his mother's marriage to his much-beloved uncle, his father's brother. Hardly is the grand wedding past, when a hideous ghost appears and informs the young man about the wicked scheme that involved his father's death, charging Hamlet with the tremendous task of avenging this foul crime. If a youth of quiet pursuits be thrown suddenly into mental anguish by receiving information through the agency of a phantom spirit, that his father had been basely murdered, will not this be enough to give any loyal son tantrums? Added to this, he found himself to be suspicious and ashamed of his mother, who was implicated in the murder; likewise that he was unjustly deprived of the throne that by every right belonged to him; and in view of this, all is at hand that would give cause for enough mental worry to show a decided effect upon the speech and action of anyone. Hamlet's faith in his mother is crushed at the thought of her faithlessness, as is evident from the doleful cry he utters about her:

"Oh most pernicious woman!"

Burdened with the task of solving these many crimes Hamlet was constrained to employ every possible subterfuge which might shield him from the hostile court and cunning king. Personally he explains matters to his mother and seemingly to impress upon her the consciousness of her guilt, says,

"I essentially am not in madness  
But mad in craft!"

Being a man of deep thought, Hamlet never takes a decisive step until he has carefully deliberated upon the consequences of the action. This long-planned forethought is exemplified in the wise manner in which the guilt of the crafty king was discovered. The portrayal of the feigned murder scene surely involved deep thinking. If Hamlet was mad, then all deep thinkers are mad, and Shakespeare is the "maddest" person that ever lived because he created Hamlet; everyone who, like Hamlet, is highly educated, is mad, because he belongs to that class of which Hamlet is the representative. To say that wise men are mad is absurd, therefore, one can easily see that Hamlet was not really mad, but acted thus to avoid suspicion on the part of the king. True enough, he killed Polonius; but he himself said that he thought it was the king. He pondered long before taking vengeance upon Claudius:

"Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!  
I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;  
Thou find'st to be too busy in some danger."

Besides showing a philosophical mind, Hamlet clothed his words in such figurative language as to be understandable in part only to the king, to the queen, to even the wise Polonius with his daughter

Ophelia. When two persons of different degrees of knowledge meet—Hamlet, a thinker and a college student, and Polonius, a fickle-minded, seemingly all-wise character—it is only natural that the inferior will not be able to appreciate his superior; in order to avoid humiliation, a weakling will usually resort to ridicule and abuse. Hamlet was not considered mad by his chosen friend, for surely Horatio would have realized his madness had it been a fact. Being an educated man, however, Horatio was able to understand the shrewdness of his friend's intentions, for Hamlet's words were not the product of a diseased brain.

The king himself might have suspected Hamlet's feigned madness, but a guilty conscience needs consolation and the king found it in the words of his courtiers, "Hamlet is mad," and in consequence the crafty doings of the stepson were ignored. Shakespeare, however, in his Macbeth says "Murder will out," and so it was with the king who "prayed":

"Forgive me my foul murder?

That cannot be; since I am still possessed  
Of those effects for which I did the murder  
My crown, mine own ambition and my queen  
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?"

His guilty conscience smote him for his hideous crime, but he would not yield. With a cowardly persistency he clung to his ill-gotten goods. He calmed his troubled mind by pretending with the others, that Hamlet was mad.

Bound to Polonius by blood and swayed by his opinions was the beautiful Ophelia, Hamlet's beloved. In the course of the play, Ophelia herself, really loses her mind. One need but contrast her actions with those of Hamlet to understand that she has become

absolutely demented. Ophelia does not remember anything of the past, outside of that incident which made her insane, her father's untimely death. Her thoughts are scattered and distracted; her words are unnatural; her actions are meaningless and unreal; she is out of place, without sense—indeed altogether unbalanced. The madness of Hamlet is quite different from the insanity of Ophelia. Hamlet remembers; his thoughts are not fantastical and distracted, unless he willingly chooses to make them appear as such to deceive his opponents. He speaks, perhaps not altogether naturally—he, it must be remembered, intentionally resorted to a subterfuge to conceal his scheme—at least his actions are not those of a mad man. It was evidently Shakespeare's intention to cause Ophelia to go insane precisely for the purpose of proving by actual contrast that Hamlet was not unbalanced in mind.

To eliminate all doubt as to the madness of his hero, Shakespeare thoughtfully makes him use the following words:

“My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time  
And makes as healthful music, it is not madness  
That I have uttered; bring me to the test  
And I the matter will re-word, which madness  
Would Gambol from.”

Proofs more conclusive than those here cited might be advanced in favor of Hamlet's sanity, but they would have to come from sources other than the play itself. There is, however, no need to go beyond the play to understand what Shakespeare had in mind when he produced the character, Hamlet, for any other manner of acting would not have been so well adapted to the end that Hamlet had in mind, an end, that in his interest, had to be achieved at any and every cost.

## **Alma Mater**

Bernard Hartlage

---

The thunder rolls, and o'er the darkened sea,  
The rumbling storm with all its horrid glee  
Lays mighty ocean's darkest caverns bare  
As fiery, midnight flashes fling and flare.  
Long since has fled the light from moon and star  
To leave amid the tempest of the night  
A vessel frail on briny depths afar—  
Its only hope, yon guiding ray of light.

Oh Alma Mater, send your light to shine!  
Oh welcome back from off the seas of life  
Your sons now tossed upon the foaming brine!  
They've sought the way to come from out the strife  
To thee; to thee they look for guiding rays,  
Fair Alma Mater of their college days.

## Commencement Ode

Joseph Wittkofski

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### I.

Hail, shining light of Earth, whose mighty beams  
Have seen unnumbered nations rise and fall;  
Before your face, creation opes its schemes,  
You know the deeds of man, both great and small.  
To you, my soul would fly on wings of fire,  
To find the story of our human kind,  
Who search for Truth, for Truth all men desire,  
That soothing solace for the troubled mind.  
Then hark! to you I come and plead for aid,  
I ask that you should guide my feeble tongue;  
You hear, I see my feeble words persuade  
Your will, and I may tell where Truth has sprung.

### II.

Long since has passed the land,  
Where mighty Ammon reigned supreme,  
Where Apis trod the heated sand,  
And Cheops ruled the swelling stream.  
Yet still beneath a burning sky,  
Great rocky piles are lifted high,  
Which rose from sweat of human brows  
Of men, who toiled from morn to night,  
So kings might break paternal vows  
And make their tomb the greater sight.  
These kings are gone and passed away,  
Their lofty vaults withstand decay;  
But are these rocks that brave the years  
And live through ages most unknown,  
The long-lost Truth, that man reveres,  
Does Truth then rise from piles of stone?  
'Tis not; for Truth from Justice springs,  
And Egypt's lords were heartless kings.

### III.

Euphrates flows to seek the peace of Ind  
But gone are lands, that prayed to gold and sinned,  
    The first, who knew the stars,  
        And first to understand,  
            Are now but languid scars  
                Upon a desert strand.

Great Babylon has crashed 'neath Persian fire,  
And Ur, where lived the chosen Jewish sire;  
But if the grandeurs of the East are past,  
Their fame the endless centuries outlast—  
    E'en though their name has grown  
        Upon the earth they trod;  
            Was Truth to them made known,  
                Who never knew their God?

### IV.

The midnight fairies dance with graceful round  
    Upon the broken shore  
Of Homer's song and Plato's thoughts profound—  
    The home of beauty's store.  
Here black-eyed maids were wooed with dainty song  
    By heroes and their lyres,  
And tyrants fell before these heroes strong,  
    Who first knew Freedom's fires.  
Could Truth be found among this noble race,  
    Who's beauties far are famed?  
Perhaps they recognized its feeble trace,  
    Its shadow vague they claimed.

### V.

Long years have slept the brave, who fell in strife,  
    To bear their legions' banners high  
        Into the deepest battle cry;  
They gave their all, e'en to their precious life.  
These men were lords, o'er Earth they claimed domain;  
    From Seville to Euphrates flow;  
        They humbled every daring foe,

With wondrous roads, they made a mighty chain,  
To bind their realm yet in the cloud of night,  
Does Truth glow from their standards proud  
And shine above their glories' shroud?  
Is godly Truth born from oppression's might?



## VI.

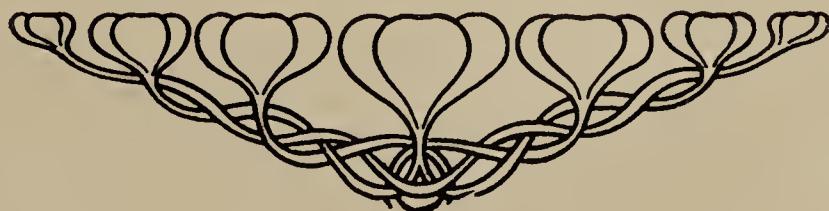
Through ages, man has lived  
Seeking Truth divine,  
All have felt its mighty spell  
In their souls' confine.  
O'er their lands, their common graves,  
Truth begins to gleam,  
Strayed, the soul its Maker seeks,  
Truth from him doth beam.

**VII.**

Beyond the western ocean's farthest shore,  
A youthful nation shapes its graceful forms,  
Unknown to years, she knows all ancient lore;  
She learns to plan her course and miss their storms.  
Her lofty towers dwarf the Trojan spires,  
Her name is loved where Freedom's name appears,  
She knows her God, and He fills her desires,  
She loves His name, His power she reveres;  
'Tis hers to find the Truth that worlds have sought,  
And with the God of Truth to guide her way,  
Her zealous efforts shall not come to naught,  
But with her sons, she'll find its living ray.

**VIII.**

Today, Oh class of Nineteen-Thirty-two,  
Your Alma Mater gives that land,  
Her sons, she loved to train, a chosen few,  
But asks that you, a loyal band,  
Should ever bear her spotless banners high,  
To lead the longing search of time;  
And when fair Truth is brought beneath your sky,  
Be first to spread its realm sublime.  
Then hark! Oh loyal sons, to glory rise,  
Your God, your Church, let none e'er fail;  
Let living Truth be sought, the only prize,  
O'er which, the years can ne'er prevail.



# Black Prejudice

First Prize, Conroy Oratory Contest

John Byrne

---

Ever since Emancipation has been proclaimed for our beloved land of freedom, the mention of a colored man always provokes a smile upon the faces of our American people. We, who make up this people, enjoy with the utmost pleasure a negro comedian; we marvel at the negro's dramatic ability; we thrill at his jovial song. Upon walking into a restaurant, it is the genial smile of a colored man that makes us experience a happier mood. With repressed laughter we watch the bootblack artistically renovating the lustre of our shoes. Millions of Americans daily drown their troubles by listening to the side-splitting darky humor of Amos and Andy. From the time of the Civil War the American nation has untiringly enjoyed and possessed the negro as a distinct asset of pleasure and happiness. In a word, we, the American people, love the black man because we can laugh at him. We refuse to laugh with him; we refuse to consider him as a brother, as an American citizen. There is so much misery and misunderstanding condensed and compounded in that contemptible line of racial division that our philanthropy and reunion show no signs of realization.

It is a known fact that in our Southern states, the negro receives scarcely any consideration whatsoever. Race prejudice has gained sway so far that a negro is lynched on the least pretense. He is refused proper railroad accomodations; he is debarred from certain restaurants; he is scoffed at, cursed at, and man-handled into submission like an inhuman dog; and if he shows any signs of reluctance he is brought to so-called justice. In a word, this is the

Southern way of "keeping the negro in his place." A little incident that illustrates the evil consequence of discrimination in applying the use of the ballot may serve very well to make clear what this practice implies.

In a certain county in Virginia, the county board had charge of registering those who were to be voters. An unassuming colored man, a graduate from Harvard University, and a resident of the county, presented himself to the board for registration. He was refused on the ground that he was not intelligent enough to vote. Before this colored man left the room, a white man staggered in so intoxicated that he could hardly tell where he lived. Yet this white man was registered; registered by a board of intelligent white men who had taken an oath to deal justly in administering the law.

Will anyone say that there is wisdom or statesmanship in such a policy? We do not advocate that the negro should make politics or the holding of office an important thing in his life, but we do insist in the interest of fair play that a negro who prepares himself in property, in intelligence, and in character, to cast a ballot and desires to do so, should have the opportunity. It is an easy matter, requiring little thought, generosity, or statesmanship to push a weak man down when he is struggling to get up. Anyone can do that. Take from the negro all incentive to make himself and his children useful property-holding citizens, then can you blame him for becoming a beast capable of committing any and every variety of crime?

It is often said that some of the most atrocious crimes of this country are perpetrated and committed by the black race. Of course, there is exaggeration

in this statement. But that negroes have been known to kill, torture, and brutally massacre cannot be denied. Yet before going any farther, the testimony of history might very well be invoked.

If anyone will read history long enough to bring before his mind several hundreds of black wretches chained two and two, surrounded with every object that is nauseous, disgusting, diseased, forced to struggle with every kind of wretchedness, he will realize a scene just of the kind as was managed and coached by our forefathers. When our forefathers found the negro in Africa, they never found a more quiet, peaceful, inoffensive race anywhere else on earth. They found the negro enjoying perfect freedom, dwelling in his own happy country, living under his own palm trees, lying by his native streams. But after he had been torn away from this bliss, enslaved, his nature perverted in our refined country, barbarized by the policy of our civilized states, then his whole character was disfigured, and his feelings corrupted. During the period of slavery every effort was made to spoil the poor African, every source of wicked ingenuity was exhausted to deprave his nature, all the incentives of misconduct were placed around him by the friend-like artifice of the white man. When we see how these poor black victims were enslaved, tormented, degraded, and debased as far as human industry could effect the purpose of making him blood thirsty and savage; when we think of all this, I say, can we expect to see a spirit of unbroken tranquility prevailing among our colored American citizens? After all these years of brutal treatment, can we blame the negro for some of his inhuman conduct? For his bitterness against the whites?

We may say, "We cannot help what our fore-fathers did!" No! and neither can the poor black man! It was not his choice to dwell among us. In strict justice, I ask everybody, who is to be more pitied, these innocent victims of an ancient wrong, or we, who inherited our country's greatest national mistake? No one can answer the question adequately, but we have the duty to make some amendment for this wrong by showing the blacks ordinary human respect.

When we reflect that it was our people that have degraded the negro to that state of wretched brutishness and barbarity; how the slave trade has enslaved their minds, blackened their character, and sunk them so low in the scale of rational beings that some think that they are of a lower species—I say, when we consider all of this, does not our sense of fair play tell us that we are in the wrong in our attitude toward an unfortunate race? I do not mean to elevate the black man as a demigod. No indeed! I am merely demanding his rights; I am merely demanding his liberty without stint; I am merely demanding the effacement of that infernal line of "Black Prejudice." Abolish all discrimination between the white and the black; fill the negro's heart with the consciousness of a country. If we do this much, we can be sure that he will think and feel and hope as we do. His sorrow and his exaltation will be the same as ours; at the tidings of American glory his heart will beat with a kindred palpitation, and whenever there shall be need to defend what has now become his homeland, his best blood, at the bidding of the white man, will be poured out with heroic prodigality. Remember, when our Blessed Lord said, "Love ye one another," He did not exclude the black man.

## **Summer Storm**

Robert Nieset

---

The scorching sun's eclipsed,  
A fitful breeze stirs the sultry air,  
A weird yellow light creeps over the land,  
A breathless pause!  
Another gust, a muttering in the west,  
A jagged flash, a splash, a throaty rumble,  
And a pause!  
The twilight deepens;  
A sudden blinding bolt of fire,  
Crash!  
A rending shock that shakes the earth.  
A torrent of wind,  
Merciless driving waters.  
Then the peaceful patter of the soft warm rain  
And an open sky in the west.

# Godlessness and Education

Second Prize, Conroy Oratory Contest

James Conroy

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We people, who exist today, find ourselves in possession of what we might term box seats in excellent view of some of the most famous events of history. We are far enough removed from the fall of the Roman Empire to be able to see clearly why and how that colossal monument to paganism toppled from a seat of unrivalled glory and self-deification. We are situated close enough to the Great World War of our time to be able to get an excellent view of history in the making. But we suffer one drawback.

We are perhaps, too close to that great event to realize that we are living in the most portentious age of history. We have witnessed the World War, the bloodiest and most devastating war in all the tide of time. We hear even now as a result, the ominous cracking of the edifice of civilization. In our time we have seen mighty monarchies crumble and crash, leaving only dust and chaos where once stood beauty and grandeur.

If we pry into the reasons and mistakes causing the collapse of these monarchies we are faced by a saying old as the governments themselves, "Get rid of God!" Pagan Rome knew not the true God, its leaders scoffed at Christ and built more idols until the mighty Roman Empire buckled and fell. And so down the centuries. France in a mighty revolution "got rid of God." Germany, given impetus by the godless Bismarck and spurred on by ambitious Wilhelm, waited years for the moment when at a master stroke the world would be at her feet. Stern reality, however, outdistanced theory and Germany today is lying at the feet of the world. We could go

on pointing out other reasons but in the end we should find that these great nations were guilty of one mistake in common. They placed their destinies in the hands of godless leaders.

Today, in our own real present, with the experience of centuries upon which to bank, we find Russia a land of teeming millions, goaded on by its godless leaders, repeating the mistake of past ages. This country is in the midst of the process of "getting rid of God," and in a manner so spectacular as to leave a horrible mark for centuries upon posterity. Russia has broken completely with the past. She is working systematically toward the suppression of Religion, the submergence of the individual, and the destruction of property rights. Not content with this, Communism has challenged the sanctity of the home, the necessity of family life, and, as a climax to its devastating endeavors, has cast the Red Eye upon its innocent childhood, and in so doing has perpetrated the crime of crimes.

Little tots like our own brothers and sisters are torn at a tender age from an all encompassing Mother's love and herded together in communistic schools there to imbibe utterly demoralizing Red principles. Their first knowledge of right and wrong, such as it is, is learnt in an atmosphere of positive atheism. The idea of God to them is intrinsically a huge joke. Oh, governments and rulers have often tried to stamp out religion, but never before has a parallel to this Red Menace appeared in all history. The eternal and elemental truths, tested by the happiness of humanity, which have projected themselves through the centuries and to which humanity must hold if it would be saved from complete chaos are torn from the heart of the Young Russian by teaching him exactly the opposite to all that Christianity has established.

In consequence, Russia has already developed a generation of semi-illiterate, uncontrolled, and uncontrollable young men and women whose challenge the world may dismiss with flippant scorn, but not without suffering. They are militant, convinced of their own importance and march onward singing songs virile and dynamic and within their own bounds, victorious, but disaster is their goal.

Liberty? They say that this is the dream of an impractical philosopher. Human rights? They say men have obligations, but no rights. Freedom? They say it makes for chaos and confusion. The home and family? A harmful device impeding the education of Russia's youth. And amidst the grating noises of these mighty challenges we hear the ribald cry against religion and established order. Because they have been taught these ideas from early childhood they have no doubts. They sacrifice, they are ready to face the guns, they are tireless, they are aggressive. Thus Communism has cruelly and deliberately broken the barrier of parental and spiritual authority and has opened flood gates which no human force can control. The resultant harm becomes a concern for all humanity and will flow like molten lava down the vista of centuries.

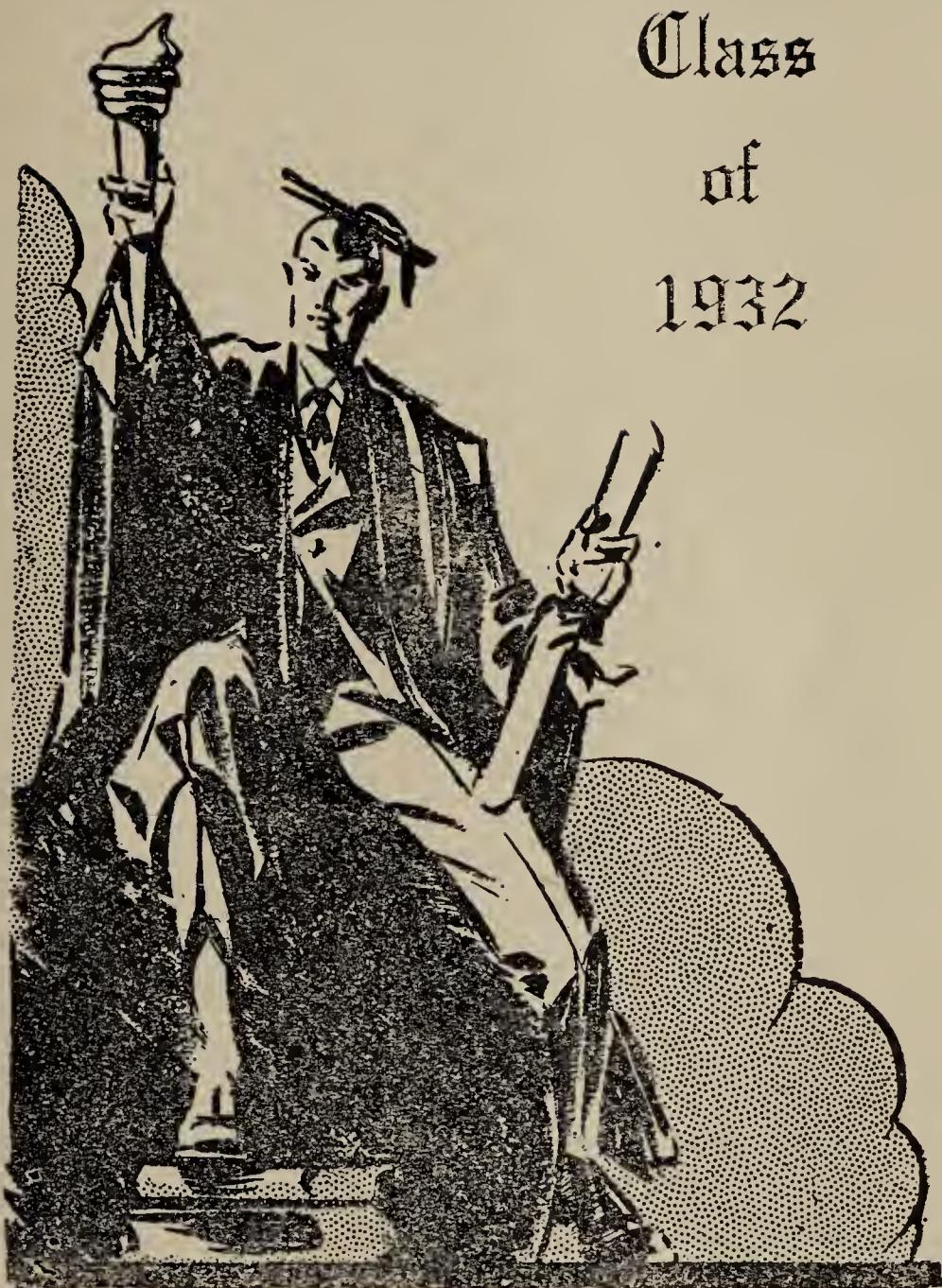
Such is the horrible mistake of Communism as compared to other great mistakes in history. Just another way of getting rid of God. But being a mistake it becomes at the same time a threat, a menace, a ringing challenge hurled at the rest of the civilized world. Never since the fall of feudalism has the atmosphere, social, political, and moral been so charged with the possibilities of a revolutionary change. Should the awful avalanche loosed by Communism's program of godless education be allowed to deviate from its course, then may God forbid that

it should strike in our own fair land. For, in the twinkle of an eyelash it might overthrow our old landmarks and ideals, desecrate our altars and drive away the worshippers, and scornfully toss into the land of forgotten memories our sacred traditions bathed in the blood of heroes.

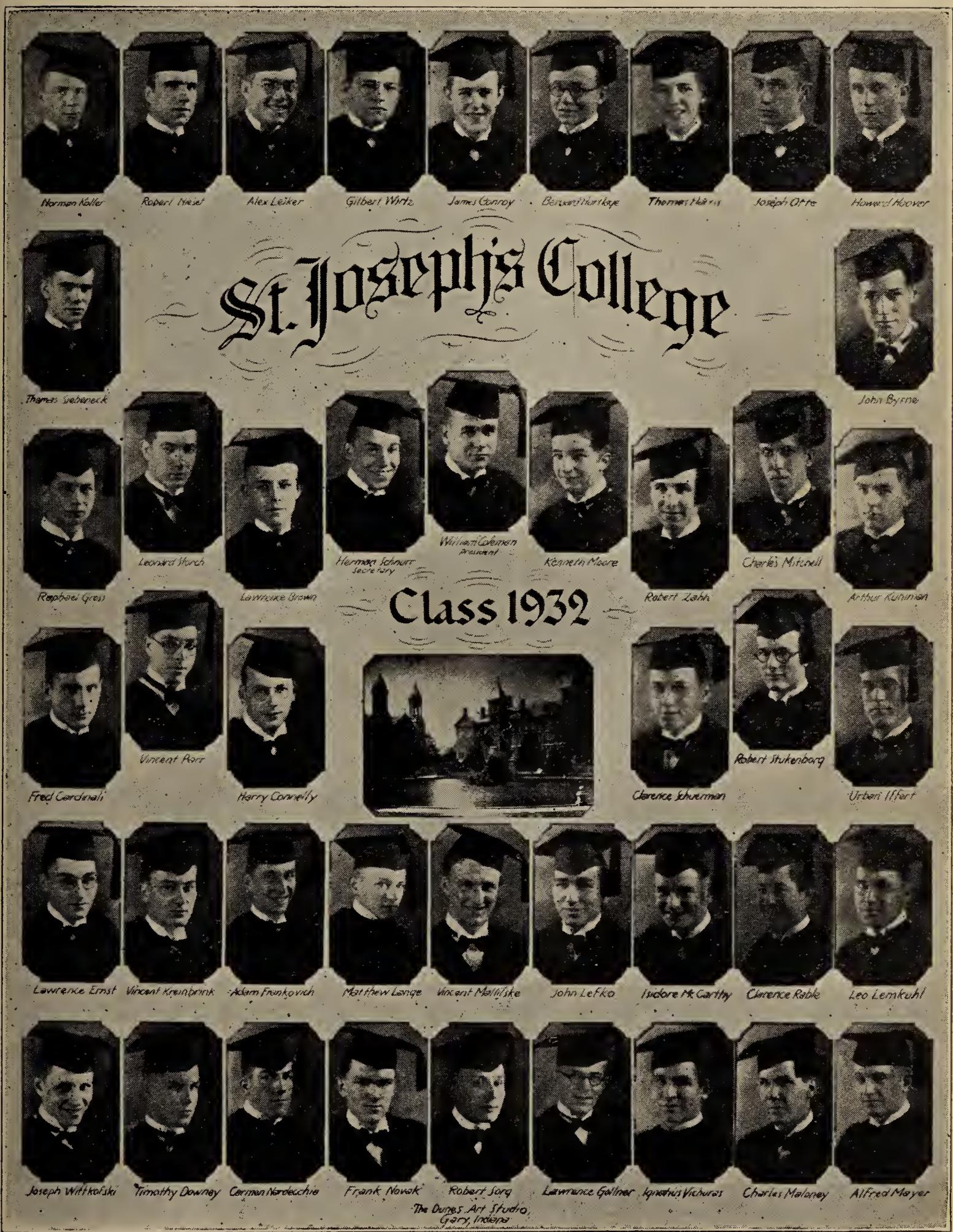
So it becomes imperative that we, who are being educated in God-given principles, should rally to the cause and should attempt to stem the awful tide created by a people who have mistaken notions about humanity. It may be up to us some day to determine whether the Ten Commandments shall be abolished or not, and whether the family shall be preserved as the cement of organized society. Surely we must not fail. We must cling to the fundamentals of religion, and to the civilization that has grown out of these fundamentals. If we stick to our guns we cannot lose.

But whatever the results of our efforts on the part of the forces of evil, there will come a day of final reckoning. That reckoning may not take place within our lifetime, nor even within the earth's span of time, but it will come. As in the case of other nations who have planned to get rid of God, so in Russia will reality outdistance theory. And in that awful hour when theory is done, when these miserable godless leaders will appear before Christ the King and Judge, when the flaming, roaring mouth of hell shall yawn at their very backs, when the wave of a Hand once nailed to a Cross shall assign them to the torments they have merited, then, but too late, will they realize their awful mistake, and then will the awful cry that expects no mercy be wrung from their quivering lips, "Oh! Galilean, thou hast conquered!"

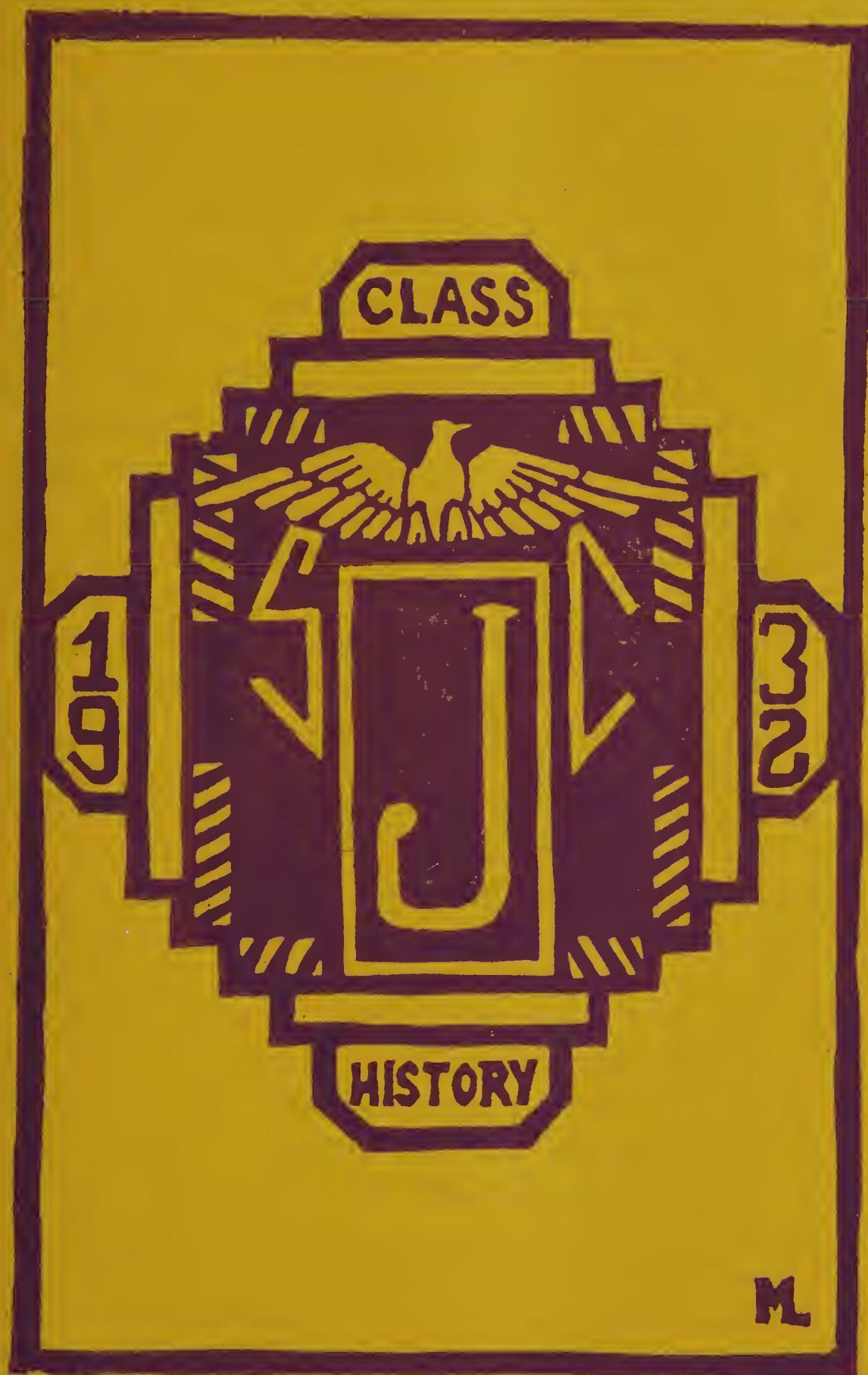
Class  
of  
1932











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# History of the Class of 1932

Alexander Leiker

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"All's well that ends well!" What words of that immortal poet are more applicable to the successful completion of the six-year journey by the Class of 1932? A journey it was, full of stirring adventures and experiences. Time and again the class plowed the waves of examinations; ever and anon it clashed in arms with rivals on the field of athletics. Here the opposition at first seemed overwhelming; yet all along the way, the persistent determination of the class ignored defeat, considering it a mere obstacle on the road to decisive victories later on. So now it is with heartfelt satisfaction, indeed, that they who took part in, and survived the memorable march, look back upon the glorious triumphs they have celebrated; while at the same time they feel little regret for those all-important, but only temporary failures, without which they would never have learned to conquer.

It was on September 14, 1926, that with mingled hopes and misgivings, forty-one youngsters first came together to form the class of "Freshies" for that year and the Class of 1932. But such feelings and emotions as were theirs on that memorable day, fall to the lot of every boy who has torn himself away from the shelter of home, who has said farewell to old friends, and suddenly finds himself among a group of fellow-classmates, strange and unknown. Many of the class undoubtedly had long since dreamed hazily of such a day, but now that they faced the strange reality of things, they opened their misty eyes. Even those select men who are still within the ranks, rather thought of home than of the day which has now arrived—the day of graduation.

Due to their general inexperience and physical undevelopment, the freshmen followed the old practise of joining the second year in almost all of their activities, chiefly in sports. To be sure, this retarded the progress of "class spirit" which, in years to come, so successfully led the class through rain as well as sunshine. Not until February 7, therefore, when "class spirit," the commander-in-chief, had been recognized as capable of leadership above and apart from the sophomores, did the class elect its first officers. To carry out the orders of the commander-in-chief, Paul Fries was chosen as president, with vice-president, Fred Cardinali; secretary, Lawrence Ernst; and treasurer, Maurice Meyers as his assistants.

From then on things progressed rapidly. Plans were immediately made for the first class banquet which took place on February 27, in the Raleigh Smoking Club. Besides the enjoyment derived from the varied program and the generous "lay out" on the table, there was that secret satisfaction of having strengthened the already-existing bond of good fellowship through this social get-together.

September finally rolled around. Again the happy band of '32 set sail on the uncertain waters of the second year. Although some had made their exodus, the ranks were, nevertheless, swelled by the addition of twenty-one newcomers who had spent their first year at St. Mary's, Burkettsville, Ohio. This afforded an opportunity to form new friendships and acquaintances.

Very shortly upon their return, the sophomores convened in a classroom to place at the head of the several departments, new officers. These were: Leonard Storch, president; James Conroy, vice-president; John Byrne, secretary and Richard Smith, treasurer. Incidentally, the latter never had much business, so

that in after years the last two departments were under the administration of one individual.

What with all the praiseworthy efforts of the officers, managers, captains, coaches, as well as the efforts of the men on the different teams, the class in consequence of a certain general disorganization suffered one defeat after another on the campus. The records, however, indicate that there was always present a large amount of grit and determination and a fighting heart. The defeats, moreover, served to mould the rough material into outstanding athletes. Already, then, Blommer, Wirtz, Hoover, and Modrijan were termed "the Four Horsemen" in Football. "Fritz" Cardinali represented the class in St. Joe's best in Basketball.

Another vacation passed. The fall of 1928 saw the class back at St. Joe's ready to meet new obstacles. This year the duties of the class officers were performed by Arthur Reineck who handled the gavel; Jack Snead, who never had an opportunity to fill the chair beside the secretary, Joseph Otte, because the president was always in good health and never missed the bi-weekly meetings of the class.

In connection with these bi-weekly meetings an interesting item deserves mention. Ever looking out for the future, the Hi-Juniors decided upon and held private programs as suitable preparation for their work in expression for the following year. The programs, both entertaining and instructive, consisted of readings or dialogues delivered by men selected by an executive board. That they proved successful may be inferred from the fact that other classes followed the example.

Again the class of '32 seemed to hold the cellar championship in sports. But lo! Is it not on record that the Thirds had the fastest backfield in the

league? And what a sweet revenge it was to conquer the Fourths, old rivals on the gridiron!

With the students on the defensive and the fourth quarterlies on the offensive, the third year of strife ended with the usual number of casualties.

Among the class activities of the fourth year, there happened several incidents which will never be forgotten. First of all, there was the success of the Newman Club, of which all were members. Probably for the first time in its history this organization staged three public performances in the course of one year; two being the customary number. The class certainly feels proud of having enjoyed this privilege. The three productions were "The High School Freshman," "Golden Silence," and "All Night Long." To demonstrate their ability as speakers and their alertness in argumentation, two representatives of the class also ventured on a public debate as part of the second program.

For the first time in the history of the College, the High School department snatched the palm from the College in football. Since their team had a decidedly upper hand in gaining this glorious victory, the High School seniors make it their object of a just boast. Both in basketball and baseball, representatives of the fourth year were on the varsity.

Freshest of all memories are those of the famous "flag rush." On the day of the annual football fray with the College freshmen rivals, the class designed a banner and raised it aloft on the flag pole. Until the second half of the game it waved on high. Then the jealous collegians who had gathered in the Raleigh Smoking Grove, advanced in a body, determined to haul it down. But if North would be North, then South would be South: the High School boys would bravely defend their emblem. After several unsuc-

cessful attacks in which some suffered considerable damage to their clothes, the Prefect, interrupting the football game by borrowing the referee's whistle, came rushing to the roaring scene around the flag pole and blew the whistle. At his orders, the banner was taken down, though reluctantly, and placed in the study hall where it was stolen the same evening and maliciously set on fire. Parts of it, however, were rescued and are now preserved as treasured reliques.

During the administration of president Charles Maloney, vice-president, Thomas Siebeneck, and secretary-treasurer, Lawrence Gollner, the fourth year class banquet took place some time in spring. This banquet, as well as that held during the third year, was a real worth-while "feed."

With the celebration of Commencement, another year closed, and the class had advanced just by one more year toward that noble goal—the Priesthood.

The fifth year found the class in the College department. The change itself caused little inconvenience, and all were soon settled in the south end of the main building.

The entire class having been voted into the Columbian Literary Society, renewed efforts were put forth in the improvement of oratory together with dramatics. In union with the sixth year, "The Copy," a one-act drama, was staged early in the year. "Pizarro," a drama in five acts, in which the cast consisted of fifth year men, was given on the eve of Alumni Day.

This attention to dramatic work, however, did not interfere with the College juniors' work in sports. In fact, 1930-31 seemed to be a banner year. They carried the pennant off in football and in baseball, while they held second place in basketball. In the

latter sport as well as in baseball they also won the championship in the academic league. Two of St. Joe's Best Five were fifth-year representatives.

Two high positions on the Collegian Staff were filled by men of '32—the first time in years that students outside the senior class enjoyed this honor.

Credit is due to the officers for the good work of the first year in college. John Lefko was president, Leo Lemkuhl vice-president, John Byrne secretary-treasurer.

Now comes the sixth and last year at good old St. Joe's.

It was mentioned before that, as the class of '32 marched along through those six years of storm and sunshine, some fell by the wayside, while others fell in line. At the end of this year, however, there are forty-four in the band—forty-four who were tried and found true in their struggles side by side; forty-four who are determined to follow out that wonderful motto they have chosen: *Dixi, nunc coepi*; forty-four in whom the purpose of a college education has been fulfilled, the purpose, namely, to develop a love of learning. What a sad plight it would be, indeed, for any of the graduates to contract that exaggerated egoism of intellectual superiority. In that case, they would soon cease to learn. It is with a spirit of humility, then, that they leave college, a spirit that ever thirsts for truth and ever hopes to move onward and upward.

But, onward to things already accomplished. Of the many deeds of note rolled up in this year, only the most outstanding can be recorded here.

The honor of presidency and that of secretaryship were bestowed upon William Coleman and Herman Schnurr respectively. Theirs was not an easy task, for the duties incumbent upon them were nu-

merous and, at times difficult; nevertheless, through skill and foresight, they acquitted themselves of all these duties in fine style. It is to them that a good deal of the credit is due for the success of "Senior Night," since it was they who directed "The Boiled Owls," the "Pantomine," and "The Village Band."

During this year of Seniordom, the class seized its first opportunity to show its capabilities in prudent leadership and sparkling originality. It was the plan of a senior to hold the Mission Festival whose favorable outcome far exceeded expectations. With the Rev. M. B. Koester, C. PP. S. as director, the Collegian staff, of which all but three are sixth year men, feels especially proud that the Collegian has merited a First Class Honor Rating. This was the first year that the college journal has been entered in the critical survey conducted by the National Scholastic Press Association of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Once more the graduates have achieved high marks in the field of athletics and dramatics. They came out victorious from the football and basketball contests, taking first and second prize in the latter sport. Not to drill and practice but to wise experience as well as ability must the success be ascribed.

"Columbus," "St. Anthony of Padua," and "In the Fool's Bauble," were the stage productions under the direction of the Rev. I. J. Rapp, C. PP. S. For Commencement, and as a fit climax to the work in dramatics, Shakespeare's "King Henry IV." will be the next presentation.

This in brief is the history in bare outline of the class of '32 from the outset to the completion of its six-year journey through St. Joe's. Now the forty-four bid adieu. They must leave their Alma Mater to continue their work in various major seminaries.

## Acrostic

Michael Stohr

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V-acation days are here once more,  
A-nother year has gone its way:  
C-ome, let us cheer our school tonight  
A-nd start these happy days aright.  
T-here'll come a time, e'er far we wend,  
I-f we remember times gone by,  
O-ur shouts will ever be alike—  
N-ow cheer nine times, our school tonight.





## Class of 1932

J. Lawrence Brown "Mouse" Andyville, Kentucky

Hobby: Working Chemistry.

Newman Club; C. L. S.: Marshal; D. M. U.; R. S. C.; Sports: Basketball, Baseball; Dramatics: "King Henry IV."

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John E. Byrne "Mick" Wapakoneta, Ohio

Secret Ambition: To get 100% in Chemistry.

Newman Club: Executive Com.; C. L. S.: President, Executive Com.; D. M. U.: Librarian; R. S. C.: Entertainment Com.; Choir; Class: Valedictorian, Secretary, Banquet Com.; Sports: Football, Basketball, Baseball; Collegian: Associate Editor; Band; Orchestra; Conroy Oratory Contest: First Prize; Class Quartet; Dramatics: "All Night Long," "Pizarro," "Christopher Columbus," "In the Fool's Bauble," "Beloved Crusader," "King Henry IV."

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Frederick J. Cardinali "Naly" Fort Wayne, Indiana

Pet Phrase: Fuzzy!

Newman Club; C. L. S.: President; D. M. U.; R. S. C.; Choir; Class: Quartet, Banquet Com.; Sports: Football, Basketball, Baseball; Band; Dramatics: "In the Fool's Bauble," "Beloved Crusader," "Three Wise Fools," "The High School Freshman," "Golden Silence."

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William J. Coleman "Bill" Shelby, Ohio

Secret Ambition: To be somebody's Boswell.

Newman Club; C. L. S.: Critic; D. M. U.; R. S. C.; Class: President; Sports: Basketball, Baseball, Tennis, General Manager of Tennis; Collegian: Assistant Editor; Candy Store; Dramatics: "Beloved Crusader," "King Henry IV.;" Conroy Oratory Contest: Third Prize.

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Harry S. Connelly "Swede" Newark, Ohio

Hobby: Bragging about the Irish.

C. L. S.: Executive Com.; D. M. U.; R. S. C.: Bridge Com.; Class: Banquet Com.; Collegian: Business Manager; Dramatics: "Pizarro"; Sports: Baseball.

**James P. Conroy**      "Jim"      **Fort Wayne, Indiana**

Pet Phrase: Dog-gone!

Newman Club; C. L. S.: Vice-President; D. M. U.; R. S. C.: Entertainment and Initiation Com.; Choir; Organ Recital; Class: Vice-President; Quartet; Sports: Football, Basketball, Baseball; Dramatics: "High School Freshman", "The Victim of the Seal", "Christopher Columbus", "Beloved Crusader", "King Henry IV."; Conroy Oratory Contest: Second Prize.

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**Timothy M. Downey**      "Tim"      **Lima, Ohio**

Secret Ambition: To be a Romeo.

C. L. S.; D. M. U.; Sports: Basketball; Dramatics: "Pizarro", "Beloved Crusader", "In the Fool's Bauble", "King Henry IV."

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**Lawrence J. Ernst**      "Larry"      **Norwalk, Ohio**

Hobby: Art.

Newman Club: Executive Com.; C. L. S.; D. M. U.: Peptomist and Festival Com., Paladin Leader of C. S. M. C., Delegate to National Convention of C. S. M. C.; R. S. C.; Choir; Organ Recital; Assistant Organist; Class: Secretary, Technicolor and Banquet Com.; Sports: Basketball, Baseball; Collegian: Editor-in-Chief; Dramatics: "High School Freshman", "The Copy", "Pizarro", "In the Fool's Bauble", "Beloved Crusader"; C. S. P. A. Honor Society.

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**Adam A. Frankovich**      "Speedy"      **Wathena, Kansas**

Secret Ambition: To teach Expression.

Newman Club; C. L. S.; D. M. U.; R. S. C.; Sports: Football, Basketball; Dramatics: "Pizarro", "Beloved Crusader".

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**Lawrence A. Gollner**      "Slo-Foot"      **Kokomo, Indiana**

Pet Phrase: Oh, I don't know!

Newman Club: Marshal; C. L. S.; D. M. U.; R. S. C.; Choir; Class: Secretary; Sports: Football, Basketball, Baseball, Tennis; Collegian: Sports Editor.

**Raphael H. Gross**      "Rafe"      Fort Recovery, Ohio

Secret Ambition: To read every new book that comes out.

Newman Club; C. L. S.: Secretary; D. M. U.: Librarian; R. S. C.; Sports: Basketball; Collegian: Books Editor; Alumni Essay Contest, Second Prize; Assistant Librarian; Conroy Orators Contest; Dramatics: "Christopher Columbus", "Beloved Crusader", "King Henry IV."; C. S. P. A. Honor Society.

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**Bernard H. Hartlage**      "Barney"      Shively, Kentucky

Pet Phrase: I thought I'd die laughing.  
Newman Club; C. L. S.; D. M. U.; Treasurer; R. S. C.; Choir; Class: Cheer Leader; Sports: Football, Basketball, Baseball; Candy Store; Junior Pool Room; Dramatics: "All Night Long", "The Copy", "Christopher Columbus."

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**Thomas C. Harris**      "Tom"      Paducah, Kentucky

Secret Ambition: To become a Stage Manager.  
Newman Club; C. L. S.; D. M. U.; R. S. C.; Choir; Class: Banquet Com.; Sports: Football, Basketball, Baseball, Tennis; Collegian: Clubs Editor; Orchestra; Dramatics: "The Victim of the Seal", "Pizarro", "In the Fool's Bauble", "Beloved Crusader", "King Henry IV."

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**Howard C. Hoover**      "Iky"      Louisville, Ohio

Pet Phrase: Report Tomorrow Morning!  
Newman Club: Executive Com.; C. L. S.; D. M. U.: Vice-President, Peptomist Com.; R. S. C.; Choir; Class: Banquet Com.; Sports: Football, Baseball; Dormitory Prefect; Band; Orchestra; Dramatics: "Pizarro", "All Night Long", "In the Fool's Bauble", "King Henry IV."

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**Urban O. Iffert**      "Slim"      Wendelin, Illinois

Pet Phrase: Get off the Wagon!  
Newman Club; C. L. S.; D. M. U.: Publicity Com.; R. S. C.; Choir; Organ Recital; Sports: Football, Basketball, Baseball; Collegian: Alumni Editor; Dramatics: "Pizarro", "Christopher Columbus."

**Norman G. Koller** "Pete" **Buffalo, New York**

Hobby: Writing week-end Penances.

Newman Club; C. L. S.; D. M. U.; Paladin Leader C. S. M. C., Delegate to National Convention C. S. M. C.; R. S. C.; Sports: Football, Basketball, Baseball; Dramatics: "In the Fool's Bauble", "King Henry IV."

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**Vincent L. Kreinbrink** "Fox" **Leipsic, Ohio**

Secret Ambition: To find a sure Cure for Somnolency.

Newman Club; C. L. S.; D. M. U.; R. S. C.: Senior Pool Room Manager; Sports: Football, Basketball, Baseball; Dramatics: "Beloved Crusader".

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**Arthur A. Kuhlman** "Art" **Leipsic, Ohio**

Secret Ambition: To get 100% in Latin.

Newman Club; C. L. S.; D. M. U.; R. S. C.; Sports: Basketball, Baseball; Dramatics: "Pizarro", "In the Fool's Bauble", "Beloved Crusader", "King Henry IV".

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**Matthew J. Lange** "Matt" **Chicago, Illinois**

Secret Ambition: To type a perfect page.

Newman Club; C. L. S.; D. M. U.; R. S. C.; Class: Technicolor Com.; Sports: Basketball, Baseball; Collegian: Typist; Dramatics: "Christopher Columbus".

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**John M. Lefko** "Lefty" **New York, New York**

Secret Ambition: To be able to Sing.

Newman Club: Secretary; C. L. S.: Executive Com., Treasurer; D. M. U.: Paladin Leader C. S. M. C., Delegate to National Convention of C. S. M. C.; R. S. C.: Bridge Com.; Class: President, Banquet Com., Cheer Leader; Sports: Football, Basketball, Baseball; Collegian: Assistant Locals; Band; Orchestra; Dramatics: "Pizarro", "Christopher Columbus", "Beloved Crusader", "King Henry IV."

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**Alexander A. Leiker** "Alex" **Ellis, Kansas**

Secret Ambition: To complete the "Unfinished Symphony."

Newman Club: Vice-President; C. L. S.; D. M. U.: Paladin Leader; R. S. C.; Choir: Assistant Director; Organ Recital; Assistant Organist; Class: Historian; Sports: Football, Basketball, Baseball; Collegian: Associate Editor; Band; Orchestra; Dramatics: "Pizarro", "King Henry IV."

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**Leo A. Lemkuhl**                    "Lee"                    **Lima Ohio**

Secret Ambition: To learn how to deal cards.  
Newman Club: Executive Com.; C. L. S.: Executive Com.; D. M. U.: Peptomist Com.; R. S. C.: Bridge Com.; Class: Vice-President; Banquet Com.; Sports: Basketball, Baseball; Dramatics: "Pizarro", "Christopher Columbus", "Beloved Crusader", "In This Sign", "King Henry IV."

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**Isidore A. McCarthy**                "Mac"                **St. Joseph, Missouri**

Hobby: Perusing Rubrics.  
Newman Club: C. L. S.; D. M. U.; R. S. C.; Sports: Football; Sacristan; Student Master of Ceremonies; Dramatics: "Christopher Columbus", "Beloved Crusader."

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**Vincent F. Mallfske**                "Shorty"                **Glandorf, Ohio**

Secret Ambition: To sing Tenor.  
Newman Club: Marshal; C. L. S.: Secretary; D. M. U.; R. S. C.: Sports: Football; Band; Dramatics: "The High School Freshman", "Pizarro", "In the Fool's Bauble", "King Henry IV."

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**Charles G. Maloney**                "Charley"                **Louisville, Kentucky**

Pet Phrase: In my extensive etc.  
Newman Club: C. L. S.: Marshall; D. M. U.; R. S. C.: Choir; Class: President. Banquet Com.; Sports: Football, Basketball, Baseball; Band; Orchestra; Dramatics: "High School Freshman", "The Copy", "Pizarro", "In the Fool's Bauble", "Beloved Crusader", "King Henry IV."

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**Alfred J. Mayer**                "Al"                **Shelby, Ohio**

Secret Ambition: Not to blush.  
Newman Club: C. L. S.; D. M. U.; R. S. C.; Sports: Football, Basketball, Baseball, Tennis; Dramatics: "In the Fool's Bauble", "King Henry IV."

**Charles H. Mitchell** "Chas" **Paducah, Kentucky**

Secret Ambition: To be a good Joke Editor.  
Newman Club; C. L. S.: Executive Com.; R. S. C.;  
D. M. U.: Secretary; Sports: Football, Basketball,  
Baseball; Collegian: Humor Editor; Dramatics:  
"Golden Silence", "Christopher Columbus",  
"Beloved Crusader."

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**Kenneth C. Moore** "Kenny" **Sandusky, Ohio**

Pet Phrase: Greetings and Salutations!  
Newman Club; C. L. S.; D. M. U.; R. S. C.;  
Choir; Sports: Football, Basketball, Baseball;  
Orchestra; Dramatics: "Christopher Columbus",  
"Beloved Crusader."

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**T. Carmen Nardecchia** "Sauer Kraut" **Norwalk, Ohio**

Secret Ambition: To be an Orator.  
Newman Club; C. L. S.; D. M. U.; R. S. C.;  
Sports: Football, Basketball, Baseball; Dramatics:  
"Christopher Columbus", "Beloyed Crusader",  
"King Henry IV."

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**Robert T. Nieset** "Bob" **Gibsonburg, Ohio**

Hobby: Scribbling.  
Newman Club: Critic, President; C. L. S.: Historian  
D. M. U.: Chairman of Catholic Action; Paladin  
Leader of C. S. M. C.; R. S. C.; Sports: Basketball,  
Tennis; Collegian: Assistant Business Manager;  
Alumni Essay Contest: Second Prize;  
Conroy Oratory Contest; Dramatics: "All Night  
Long", "Pizarro", "In the Fool's Bauble", "Be-  
loved Crusader", "King Henry IV."

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**Frank J. Novak** "Red" **Detroit, Michigan**

Secret Ambition: To paint something besides  
himself.

Newman Club; C. L. S.: Executive Com.; D. M.  
U.: Marshall; R. S. C.; Sports: Football,  
Basketball, Baseball; Dramatics: "High School  
Freshman", "Pizarro", "Christopher Columbus",  
"King Henry IV."

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**Joseph A. Otte** "Joe" **Cincinnati, Ohio**

Hobby: Blowing up Chemical Laboratories.  
Newman Club: Vice-President, Executive Com.;  
C. L. S.: Executive Com.; D. M. U.: President,

Peptomist and Festival Coms., Paladin Leader C. S. M. C., Delegate to National Convention C. S. M. C.; R. S. C.: Marshall; Class: Secretary, Banquet Com.; Sports: Football, Basketball, Tennis, Turner Hall; Collegian: Locals Editor; Dramatics: "High School Freshman", "Pizarro", "Beloved Crusader", "King Henry IV."

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**Vincent A. Parr**      **"Vince"**      **La Porte, Indiana**

Hobby: Tooting the Clarinet.  
Newman Club; C. L. S.; D. M. U.; R. S. C.; Sports: Football, Basketball, Tennis, Baseball; Band; Orchestra; Dramatics: "Pizarro", "Beloved Crusader."

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**Clarence A. Rable**      **"Spivis"**      **Wapakoneta, Ohio**

Pet Phrase: "On with the Show!"  
Newman Club; C. L. S.; D. M. U.; R. S. C.; Sports: Basketball, Baseball; Stage Manager; Dramatics: "Golden Silence", "Pizarro", "Columbus", "Beloved Crusader."

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**Herman J. Schnurr**      **"Deacon"**      **Fort Wayne, Indiana**

Hobby: Talking about the Boy Scouts.  
Newman Club: Treasurer, Executive Com.; C. L. S.: Critic; D. M. U.: Peptomist Com.; R. S. C.; Choir; Class: Salutatorian, Secretary; Sports: Basketball, Baseball; Collegian: Exchange Editor; Conrov Oratory Contest; Dramatics: "High School Freshman", "In This Sign", "In the Fool's Bauble."

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**Clarence J. Schuerman**      **"C. J."**      **St. Henry, Ohio**

Secret Ambition: To become a coal-hauler at St. Charles Seminary.  
Newman Club; C. L. S.; D. M. U.; R. S. C.; Class: Technicolorist; Dramatics: "Beloved Crusader", "Three Wise Fools"; Assistant Librarian.

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**Thomas F. Siebeneck**      **"Rube"**      **Kalida, Ohio**

Pet Phrase: "I'll lay one on yu'!"  
Newman Club; C. L. S.; D. M. U.; R. S. C.; Class: Vice-President; Sports: Football, Basketball, Baseball; Student Work Boss; Dramatics: "High School Freshman", "In the Fool's Bauble", "Beloved Crusader."

**Robert W. Sorg**      "Bob"      Fort Wayne, Indiana

Hobby: Working Card Tricks.

Newman Club; C. L. S.; D. M. U.; R. S. C.;  
Choir; Dramatics: "Pizarro", "King Henry IV."

**Leonard C. Storch**      "Person"      McKeesport, Pennsylvania

Pet Phrase: "Howdy, Schnovel!"

Newman Club; C. L. S.: Vice-President; D. M. U.; R. S. C.: President, Marshall; Class: President; Sports: Football, Basketball; Collegian, Associate Editor; Orchestra; Dramatics: "High School Freshman", "In the Fool's Bauble", "Beloved Crusader."

**Robert J. Stukenborg**      "Stukie"      St. Henry, Ohio

Hobby: Studying.

Newman Club; C. L. S.; D. M. U.; R. S. C.;  
Sports: Football, Turner Hall.

**Ignatius C. Vichuras**      "Yicks"      Gary, Indiana

Pet Phrase: Are you telling me?

Newman Club; C. L. S.; D. M. U.; R. S. S.;  
Sports: Football, Basketball, Baseball, Turner  
Hall; Dramatics: "Christopher Columbus", "Be-  
loved Crusader", "Henry IV."

**Gilbert G. Wirtz**      "Gib"      Crown Point, Indiana

Pet phrase: As general manager of sports, etc . . .

Newman Club: Secretary; C. L. S.: Treasurer;  
D. M. U.: Publicity Com.; R. S. C.: Initiation  
Com.; Class: Banquet Com.; Sports: Football,  
Basketball, Baseball, Junior and General Manager  
of Sports; Alumni Essay Contest, Third Prize;  
Dramatics: "Christopher Columbus", "Three  
Friends", "Beloved Crusader", "Henry IV."

**Joseph N. Wittkofski**      "Wiffy"      Findlay, Ohio

Pet Phrase: I am the most persecuted man  
in Collegeville.

Newman Club; C. L. S.; R. S. C.; D. M. U.;  
Sports: Basketball, Football, Baseball; Collegian:  
Associate Editor; C. S. P. A. Honor Society;  
Dramatics: "In the Fool's Bauble", "Henry IV."

**Robert J. Zahn**      "Bob"      Huntington, Indiana

Secret Ambition: To teach Greek.

Newman Club; C. L. S.; D. M. U.; R. S. C.;  
Sports: Basketball, Football, Baseball, Tennis;  
Dramatics: "Christopher Columbus."



**CLASS FLOWER**

**M**



## Last Will and Testament

We, the Class of '32, of the city of Collegeville, in the county of Jasper, and State of Indiana, being of sound mind, lawful age, good memory and understanding, since we have duly completed our course at our Alma Mater, feel it our duty to leave some remembrance of our class to the remaining students and therefore, we hereby do make our last will and testament in manner and form as follows:

Item: We give and bequeath to our followers as Seniors, our ability of getting free days, town days, and free from study periods.

Item: To the class of '34, we, the outgoing Seniors, wish to leave all our handsome appearances. (We hope that this donation is appreciated.)

Item: The class of '35 shall be the recipient of the gift of staging a Flag Rush that shall go down in history with the Memorial Flag Rush of '29.

Item: The vacancies made in the choir by the Class of '32, we, the Seniors, would like the class of '36 to fill out.

Item: To the class of '37, we, the Seniors, leave all our old copybooks and ponies of all sorts, hoping that in the future they shall be used to good advantage.

Item: Connelly, Lemkuhl, Zahn, Mitchell—the daily bridge foursome—bequeath their bridge ability, time to play, and bridge table to Joseph Allgeier, Louis Balbach, John Cashman, and John Dalton.

Item: The two seats before the loud speaker in the Raleigh Smoking Club, generally occupied by Thomas Harris and Ignatius Vichuras, are willed to the Pank Brothers.

Item: Frederic Cardinali, Lawrence Gollner, Arthur Kuhlman, and Vincent Kreingrinx ask the following four: Clarence Rastetter, Joseph Tossman, Thomas Heilman, and John McNamara to keep up their old custom of taking a walk to the Grotto every morning after breakfast and also at recess.

Item: To Leonard Fullenkamp and Gerald Meyer is bequeathed by Joseph Otte and Raphael Gross the privilege of arguing at any time, any place, and on any subject.

Item: To Francis Ward, John Byrne bequeaths his ability of singing popular numbers at the Raleigh Club programs; his pleasing personality is left to Michael Stohr.

Item: Fourteen Math. classes a week, the sole possession of Lawrence Brown, are entrusted to Donald Besanceney; Lawrence also wills his demure ways to Alfred Wight.

Item: Frederic Cardinali, after due consideration, has decided that George Muresan shall be the recipient of his pleasing tenor voice; his ability of taking female roles in plays is willed to Tyre Forsee.

Item: Always desirous of acquiring "big jobs", Clarence Pettit is to receive each and every big job held by

William Coleman; Bill's incomparable "line" is left to Donald Muldoon.

Item: The one and only Harry Connelly leaves his manly features to Alfred Horrigan.

Item: With many tears James Conroy leaves his sweat shirt to Ralph Steinhauer; his popularity and interpretation of "Wylets" to Edward Spalding.

Item: John Elder, who constantly seems to be in trouble, is bequeathed by Timothy Downey the gift of going straight; the chairmanship of the Senior Prom Committee is left to Robert Dery.

Item: Lawrence Ernst bequeaths his exceptional art ability to Virgil Riedlinger; his notorious habit of spending all his free time in the R. S. C. is willed to William Egolf.

Item: Adam Frankovich, whose love for a motorcycle is beyond comprehension, woefully wills this lot to Gomar De Cocker; his winning ways with the Indian School poultry to Robert Woodard.

Item: A priceless treasure Lawrence Gollner leaves to the care and protection of little John Kenny—his big feet; his winning ways with the youthful element of Collegeville is left to Bernard Glick.

Item: A slender and most unique figure, a special gift of Thomas Harris, is willed to Martin Greven.

Item: Raphael Gross bequeaths his blank look to Carl Gundlach; his big hands to dainty Wallace Brining.

Item: Without any hesitation whatsoever Bernard Hartlage bequeaths his cueball head to Delbert Welch; his love for Dutch cheese, sauer kraut, onions, and garlic, to Joseph O'Leary.

Item: His solicitude for Freshmen and Sophomores, Howard Hoover leaves to Walter Steiger; his ability to tell "Rube" stories to Henry Rager.

Item: Joseph Zeigler shall pull down the map in Fr. Hartman's Greek and Latin classes according to the wishes of Urban Iffert; his peculiar walk he leaves to Maurice Rinderly.

Item: The one and only felt hat of the College Department is left to John Sharp by Norman Koller; Norman's beautiful dimples to Henry Gzybowski.

Item: The unusual somnolence of Vincent Kreinbrink is to be fostered by Charles Kelty in future years; his thousand and one freckles are left to Raymond Huetner.

Item: Arthur Kuhlman bequeaths his capability of giving paternal advice to William Voors; his Spencerian gestures to Bernard Shank.

Item: The "Oriental Charm" of Matthew Lange is willed to Michael Spegele; his ability to hit the wrong keys in typing is left to Joseph Lenk.

Item: To William Conces, John Lefko leaves his danc-

ing ability; Wilmer Riechel is to be the proud possesser of "Lefty's" collegiate ways.

Item: Alexander Leiker bequeaths his Dutch brogue to Thomas Danehy; his position as assistant choir director is left to Harold Kuhns.

Item: His ever-ready answer in both Greek and Latin classes, Leo Lemkuhl wills to Richard Lammers.

Item: Charles Maloney bequeaths his curly locks to Donald Klaus; his privilege of getting on the honor roll is left to Edward Andres.

Item: The six foot and four inches of fat and bones of Vincent Mallifske are bequeathed to none other than Thomas Seifert; his job as "man about the place" is left to John Downey.

Item: To be able to blush innocently, a trait characteristic of Alfred Mayer, is willed to Charles Scheidler; Al's love for the narcotic weed is left to Lawrence Mossing.

Item: Isidore McCarthy's knack of murdering English words is bequeathed to Louis Urschalitz; his high blood pressure to Frederick Steininger.

Item: Charles Mitchell has decided to leave his "Alfalfa Bill" mannerisms to the care of Eugene Beeler.

Item: His ability to play the fiddle, Kenneth Moore wills to Hugh Hasson; his winning Irish smile to Roman Schnipke.

Item: His heavy beard and zeal for Latin and Greek, Carmen Nardecchia leaves to the care and protection of Dallas Metzger; his name of "Sauer Kraut" to Louis Zenz.

Item: Robert Nieset, who goes to town ten times as much as the ordinary student, wills his privilege to Anthony Migoni; his "superiority complex" to John Becquet.

Item: Joseph Klinker is to be the recipient of Frank Novak's 205 pounds of sweetness; his red hair (including the white spot) is willed to Joseph Leon.

Item: The privilege of leaving breakfast early, Joseph Otte bequeaths to Stanislaus Manoski.

Item: Vincent Parr, solo clarinetist in the College orchestra, bequeaths this honorable position to Edward Maziarz; his extreme politeness to Thomas O'Herron.

Item: To Dale Helmar, Clarence Rable wills his long side-burns; his bass voice to Albert Ottenweller.

Item: Herman Schnurr leaves his "cowboy hat" to Frederick Schroeder; his line concerning "boy scouts" to Louis Granson.

Item: Frederic Ernst is to receive Clarence Schuerman's characteristic trait, namely, fooling around during study period; his philosophical ways are left to Richard Hoshock.

Item: To say the wrong thing at the wrong time, Thomas Siebeneck wills to Victor Ranly; his position as farm boss is bequeathed to William Staudt.

Item: Robert Sorg bequeaths his Gillette and Valet

razors to his erstwhile companion, James Dwyer; his other toilet accessories, to Nicholas Lauber.

Item: Timothy Doody is to receive Leonard Storch's priceless skull cap; Leonard's position as head officer of the R. S. C. is to be taken by John Vanecho.

Item: The profound stare into space possessed by Robert Stukenborg, is left to Clement Henning; Robert's ability to write penances is willed to James Pike.

Item: Ignatius Vichuras solemnly bequeaths his soup-strainer, cookie-duster and misplaced eyebrow to Allard Saffer.

Item: As General Manager of Sports, Gilbert Wirtz, leaves his important ways to Bernard Griesbaum; the capability of taking drunk leads in plays is willed to Earl Foos.

Item: Joseph Wittkofski, poet laureate of Collegeville, leaves his distinction to an able versifier, Herbert Spraley; his Bolshevik tendencies are willed to the Hoving Brothers.

Item: The incomparable speed of Robert Zahn is left to Robert Wuest.

Item: We, the class of '32. hereby appoint Brother Fidelis Baker and Brother John Davis as executors of this our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, we, the Class of '32, the testators, have to this our last will and testament, set our hand and our seal, this day, June the second in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and thirty two.

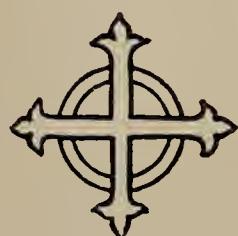
Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the above named Class of '32, as and for their last will and testament, in the presence of us, who have hereunto subscribed our names at their request, as witnesses thereto in presence of the said testators and of each one.

(Seal)

(Signed) CLASS OF '32

Witnesses: William Koehl, Kenneth Hurlow, John Zink.  
Attorneys at Law:

Lawrence J. Ernst  
John M. Lefko.



## The Golden Rose

### Class Flower

Joseph Wittkofski

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Hail golden smiling morn,  
Fair nymph in splendor bright,  
Of whom is beauty born,  
The child of morning's light.  
What angel's perfumed breath  
Has kissed your gilded cheeks—  
A nard, which knows no death,  
That man forever seeks.

Oh rose! fair child of day,  
Our badge of lasting truth,  
Show us your golden ray,  
The pride and glow of youth.  
And when, in future years  
Our youthful days have passed,  
And we must meet life's fears,  
Will then your sweetness last?

# The St. Joseph's Collegian

Commencement Day, June 7, 1932

Volume XX

Number Nine



Charter Member



## THE STAFF

Rev. M. B. Koester, C. PP. S., Faculty Director

Lawrence J. Ernst, '32, Editor-in-Chief

William J. Coleman, '32, Assistant

### Associates

John E. Byrne, '32	Leonard C. Storch, '32
J. William Egolf, '33	Michael J. Vichuras, '33
Alexander A. Leiker, '32	Joseph N. Wittkofski '32

### Departments

Exchange	Books
Herman J. Schnurr, '32	Raphael H. Gross, '32
Locals	Sports
Joseph A. Otte, '32	Lawrence A. Gollner, '32
John M. Lefko, '32	J. William McKune, '34
Alumni	Clubs
Urban O. Iffert, '32	Thomas C. Harris, '32
Humor	
Charles H. Mitchell, '32	
Typists	
Matthew J. Lange, '32	Stanislaus L. Manoski, '33
Business	
Harry S. Connelly, '32, Business Manager	
Robert T. Nieset, '32, Assistant	

## COLLEGIAN STAFF 1931-'32

Bottom Row: W. Coleman, L. Ernst, H. Connely, R. Nieset,

Middle Row: J. Byrne, W. Egolf, U. Iffert, T. Harris, L. Golner, R. Gross, C. Mitchell, J. Otte, L. Storch.

Top Row: J. Wittkofski, M. Vichuras, A. Leiker, H. Schnurr, W. McKune, J. Lefko.





# The Editor's Chair



## VACATION DAYS

"He hath no leisure who useth it not."

—Herbert.

As the hastening hand of time flits over the clock of life, and as the school year draws to an end, vacation days slowly approach. Just as a violin string must be loosened from time to time to prevent it from snapping, so must a student be allowed a few weeks of recreation after his long months in the classroom. He must be given a chance to relax, but he must use this period of rest in the proper way. A star that shines unseen during the day, a tree that grows in secret during the winter are good examples from nature to illustrate the manner in which a student should spend his vacation.

To the happy-go-lucky student, suddenly freed from his books, vacation days are a real Utopia. Such a student turns himself loose completely; passes one day after another in idleness. A genuine student, however, realizes that vacation is the time for learning the practical things of life. Like Janus, human life is two-faced, that is, it has two sides, one theoretical, the other practical, and both are necessary for success. Theories are gleaned from textbooks, but theory is unsubstantial unless it be confirmed by the only tangible thing in life—experience. If a student would grow wise, he must get experience during vacation, during his days in the practical school of life.

Perhaps the best experience afforded by the leisure days called "Vacation," is the opportunity to

make social contacts and friendly acquaintances with men who are seniors in the school of life. To all students, and especially to professional students, are these friendships with their elders an aid to become broad-minded in their outlook on life, for a wide acquaintance shows one the mighty breadth of human life as reflected in the mirror of individual character. A man without these social contacts, must necessarily be narrow in the view he takes of human activity. Such a man soon finds himself alone, a stagnant pool which has never been refreshed by the spring of new acquaintance—that spring which bubbles up with ever-new life especially during vacation days.

"See the world!" shouts the confined student after he has drudged for nine long months in the dull classroom. He has found still another experience that he can obtain while he is free from school work; he knows that then there is many an occasion to travel the length and breadth of the land and see with his own eyes the things described in his text-books, in the works of literature which he reads; he views the landmarks of history and the beauties of nature—in other words, the student who travels during vacation obtains a practical education in the workings of men and nature during centuries past.

If these were the only experiences a student could gain during vacation days, those days would not be valueless. But there remains still another experience for the student to acquire during his leisure days of vacation. While in school, a student is required to study his text-books and related classics; during vacation he may roam through the entire realm of world literature choosing any author and any work of that author for his reading. All literature, the thought of thinking souls, is inspira-

tion to the genuine student, but it is particularly during vacation that he may, as a bee sucks honey from all the flowers, draw choice morsels from the works of world-famous authors.

Scipio Africanus once said, "One is never less at leisure, than when he is at leisure." Already in those days, men of education had learned that vacation and leisure time had as much significance in the battle of life as work time. In retiring to his Sabine farm to obtain leisure and vacation from the busy life of the city, Horace set an example for future ages to follow. In the midst of his retirement he produced his beautiful odes which even down to this very day remain as an example of the inspiration given by leisure and vacation. Today on the brink of vacation stands the student. Will he appreciate the true significance of vacation; or will those days come and go like a fleeting cloud in summer, leaving no effect whatever on his mind in the way of practical, personal, and vicarious experience?

L. J. E.

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### OUR MOTTO

For centuries past it has been a marked characteristic of man always to label any great effort or project with a befitting motto, a pithy, epigrammatic expression, that summarizes in a striking manner a singleness of purpose and a general atmosphere in connection with the thing to be done.

The mighty relentless three act tragedy of the Punic War in the days of great Rome had behind it the one sinister phrase "Carthaginem esse delendam." The mighty pageant of religious zeal in the Middle Ages, the Crusades, was kept alive and pushed to a happy end by the few words: "God wills it!" The

American people urged on by the Wilsonian statement, "A war to end war," intervened and brought that greatest of wars to a victorious close.

The lives of great men, too, invariably have been dominated by one great principle usually expressed by a motto. Socrates' life was governed by one great thought "Know thyself." The secret of Newman's supremely inspiring life in letters and religion is found explained in his little life's rule, "Cor ad cor loquitur."

And so on, endless trains of mottoes might be marshalled up. Although one realizes that the influence of a motto is infinitesimal in the great world of affairs, yet the graduating class of St. Joseph's has chosen a motto by which it means to characterize both the class and its respective members.

Without doubt one of the greatest assurances of success is the capacity to carry out what has been decided upon. It was this thought that suggested the motto, "Dixi: nunc coepi."

The lives and fortunes of men and nations have risen and have suffered reverses because of neglect to carry a policy or plan to completion. The class hopes to shield its members from just such a catastrophe by its motto. More than one project has been undertaken by the present graduating class and pursued to its logical finish, and the class motto is intended to recall this quality, a quality of which the class feels justly proud.

It is this same quality that accounts for most of what is recognized as modern progress. With greatest inventors, statesmen, and generals the distinct ability to carry out a resolve has been ever associated. The class of '32, about to leave the protecting wing of its Alma Mater and enter the lists of life's combatants, has chosen a motto which they

feel will ever inspire and spur them on to that longed-for golden height, success.

"Dixi, nunc coepi," "I have said it, now I shall commence," is that motto which the members of the class always consider their life's counsel. The greater task still remains and that is to go forth from St. Joseph's and say, "Dixi: nunc coepi."

W. J. C.

### IN MEMORIAM

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We regretfully record the untimely death of the Very Rev. Hugo Lear, C. PP. S., former rector of St. Joseph's College, who departed this life May 15, 1932, at St. Charles Seminary, Carthagena, Ohio.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE



Within the past scholastic year the various school and college publications have produced most gratifying literary results. Among the number of interesting and educational magazines the St. Joseph's Gleaner occupies, and firmly, a position that is most creditable.

The recent spring issue was begun with "Spring Sent a Bluebird." In this poem the author, E. Mauss, to quote an excerpt from his own production, "warbles soft his matin carols in rhapsodic ecstasy." The poem is pervaded with a sprightliness and a spirit of freedom most suggestive of the season which it celebrates.

"Why a Catholic College?" the prize winning oration of E. Mauss is vigorous; powerful even in print. This but increases one's desire to hear it in spoken words colored with the orator's character, personality, and convictions. The topic is timely and very well developed, so that at the end one is compelled to agree with the author when he says, "no category of explanations is needed, a sentence is sufficient—because he is a Catholic."

"An Apology," a short discussion of the more weighty members of the human race, is the most engaging of the editorials because of the personal, the humorous, the truthful ideas which appear throughout.

Although well written and creative of suspense, "The Murderer" is disappointing because of the weak ending which destroys the effect of the entire narrative, for a reader dislikes being fooled to such an extent as he is in "The Murderer."

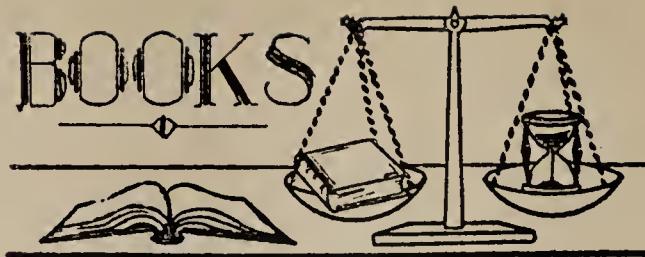
The Exchange column of this magazine is particularly well handled. The editors not only render unbiased opinions, but show a degree of understanding which affords added strength, increased value to the critical statements which they make.

As a parting wish, may the Gleaner continue in time to come as it has been in the past—interesting, attractive, literary.

Looking back over the past school year which has so swiftly slipped by, one cannot but realize that it has been a noteworthy period in scholastic journalism. Possibly the most outstanding event is the foundation of the Catholic Students' Press Association. Yet the prose work, the verse productions which have come to light during the past year urge the conclusion that college papers and magazines have not only theorized but have reduced theory to practice.

We sincerely hope to find all the old exchanges perfectly alive next year, while at the same time new arrivals are by no means unwelcomed. One regret that arises in our mind is that all the publications could not be formally reviewed since space would not allow the pleasure; yet '32-33 is another year holding forth many opportunities. May the muses shower abundant blessings upon the youthful writers during the summer months. Till September, goodbye and good luck!





## America's G. K. on Modernism

OLD ERRORS AND NEW LABELS, by Fulton J. Sheen.

Father Sheen is delightful in a peculiar, interesting way. All his eagerness and liveliness set one on edge. He makes a person read.

The subject matter of "Old Errors and New Labels" is in itself a very new affair—New Paganism. Again this grand old skeleton of Errors is one provoking man of Labels. And "it is to this task of thinking out the death of New Paganism that these chapters are written." Father Sheen has set his essays against this material stuff, or the column, instead of the colonnade. One is forced to charge straightway into the fray: cosmic cowards, atheists, soap and moralists, monkey-men tolerants, dissenters and dogmatists. In a way this is a text-book. After telling our "modern" pagans that they are wrong, Father Sheen proves that they are in the wrong; tells them again, proves it a few more times, then adds a final, decisive whack. The vehement drubbing is not intended to floor New Paganism but to wake it up, then to feed it "thinkage," then to bury it.

In style, Father Sheen may readily be called the American Chesterton. He keeps things going, gets his paradoxes mixed up here and there, but continues to pound out the same interest and excitement, the same knowledge and common sense. The swiftness and simplicity of his style portend fast, clear, logical, hard thinking on the real Paganism of today: he finds out something freshly overhauled—New Paganism, Old Errors under New Labels. Very re-

cently Father Sheen has published a new book, "Moods and Truths," in which he continues his destructive onslaught against Modernism, with the same vigorous qualities used in "Old Errors and New Labels."

Edward McCarthy



As time slides along many events rise up before the eyes of people and take precedence over ordinary happenings. Since 1907, two of St. Joseph's Alumni, not seeking influence or high rank, but content to work in quietude, have told the beads of time in eager expectation of a crowning point of their lives. They have worked zealously and untiringly in educating many aspirants to the Altar of God. It is through their labor that many hold exceptional positions in life. On May 9th Father Meinrad B. Koester, C. PP. S., and Father Sylvester J. Hartman, C. PP. S., professors at St. Joseph's College, were partially rewarded for their work in the priesthood by the joys attending the celebration of their Silver Jubilee. More than fifty priests, the majority being Alumni attended this celebration. Certainly St. Joe's Alumni, have every reason to congratulate the Jubilarians and to wish them the blessing of another twenty-five years in the vineyard of Christ. Fathers Koester and Hartman, "AD MULTOS ANNOS!"

This seems to be a jubilee year, for the Rev. Edward G. Werling of Elkhart, Indiana, and the Rev. Henry Hoerstman of Ft. Wayne, Indiana, also cele-

brated their Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the Priesthood on May 22nd. To these Jubilarians the Collegian likewise extends felicitations and best wishes for the present and for many years to come.

On Ascension Day the bells of St. Charles Seminary, Carthagena, Ohio, pealed forth their anthems of joy and congratulations to eleven Theologians who were raised to the dignity of the Priesthood to work under the care of the Community of the Most Precious Blood. These happy students were Gabriel Brenkus, Robert Baird, George Kraft, Theodore Rath, Ambrose Newton, Eugene Luckey, Albert Wuest, Maximilian Herber, Cletus Dirksen, Joseph Biegler, and Charles Davitt. To these newly ordained Priests St. Joe's extends hearty wishes for happiness and success.

There are always days in a year that obliterate sadness. On May 1st and 2nd, the doors of St. Joe's were opened wide to extend a most cheerful welcome to the Homecoming Alumni. From all corners of the world (do not interpret this literally) the Alumni flocked together to pay their respects to the old haunts of their College days. Warm hands were clasped tightly and the bonds of friendship were welded more securely. To be sure this Alumni Day will be recorded in history as one of the most pleasant—I dare say the most pleasant—ever held at St. Joseph's College. On the eve of the day in Alumni Hall the C. L. S. presented to many attentive eyes "The Three Wise Fools"—a comedy in three acts. To say that this presentation was a big hit is nothing to the point, for the hall was continually re-echoing with a roar of laughter.

On the morning of Alumni Day a solemn High Mass was chanted for the spiritual benefit of the deceased members of the Alumni Association. The

Rev. Joseph J. Seimetz officiated as celebrant, while the Rev. Francis A. Miller and the Rev. John P. O'Connor were deacon and sub-deacon respectively.

As usual, the annual game was of a kind that afforded many thrills to the baseball fans and much oratorical "crabbing" on the part of the players—a matter which always adds pep and excitement to the occasion. Although the game was officially a tie through a break for the Alumni, nevertheless the College team found reasons for criticism and is ready for sweet revenge next year.

At 12 o'clock sharp the bell summoned the Alumni to a pleasant banquet, after which the business affairs of the Association were discussed. All of the officers of the past term submitted commendable reports such as will prove to be incentives for good work in coming years. The Rev. John A. Sullivan was elected president for the ensuing year. The Rev. Anthony J. Tompkins was chosen first vice-president; Mr. Edward H. Ernst, second vice-president; and Mr. Henry J. Hipskind, secretary-treasurer. The office of historian seems to be stabilized in the hands of the Rev. Meinrad B. Koester, C. PP. S., for he again won this position by a unanimous vote. The executive committee comprises the Messrs, Armand Schellinger and Bruno Novak. The Rev. Victor Magsam, the Rev. James Fitzgerald, and the Rev. Seraphim Oberhauser, C. PP. S., were elected as judges for the Alumni Essay Contest. Speeches were delivered by the Rev. Thomas M. Conroy, the Rev. Edward J. Mungovan, the Rev. Edward J. Freiburger, Mr. Constantine Fecher, and Mr. J. Gordon Hagstrom. Also a distinguished visitor, the Rev. Michael A Chapman, editor of the "Acolyte," favored the assembly with a spirited and well-chosen address.

Between the underlying strains of "Missouri Blues" comes a bit of news from Kenrick Seminary, Webster Groves, Missouri. Lawrence "Dutch" Mattingly will be ordained to the Subdiaconate on June 5th. Charles Spalding was compelled to discontinue his studies due to ill health: however, reports state that he expects to return again in the fall. Michael Lally and Robert Weis have almost completed their philosophy course and are preparing for more advanced studies and more to their liking—theology.

During the past winter the Rev. T. F. Kramer, C. PP. S., coached a basketball team that proved itself the Oklahoma-State champions for Catholic schools. It might be of interest to the Alumni to know that Father Kramer was editor of the "Collegian" from 1900-'01. Father Kramer, let us have your criticism of the Collegian for this year.

An organization, well-directed, must produce results, and applicants must constantly be at hand. With the annexation of the class of '32, the Alumni Association has been greatly enlarged and, in fact, improved. We who have eagerly looked forward to the day when we, too, would be ranked among the Alumni, now take our stand with the old-timers of St. Joe's. We are proud of this favor so long anticipated. Alumni, it is our purpose to follow in your footsteps and to prove ourselves worthy members of this Association in order that our Alma Mater may look with pride upon the class of '32. Behold our motto: "DIXI: NUNC COEPI!" may this be our starting point.

And now, before the Alumni Editor closes his final column, he wishes to thank the Alumni for their hearty cooperation. May they cooperate in future years, in order that the Collegian will ever be

a success. So, farewell, Alumni; time is speeding by—ever onward and upward, whole-heartedly, through joy and sorrow to the goal which crowns the work; FAREWELL!



### COMMENCEMENT DAY

For the class of '32 the final "s" in Success will be spelt when on June 6 and 7 the thirty-seventh Annual Commencement exercises will take place. The official opening will be the organ recital played by Professor Paul C. Tonner and the local student organists, Lawrence Ernst, Alexander Leiker, Urban Iffert, and James Conroy. At four o'clock in the afternoon the College Band under the direction of Professor Tonner will render its final concert for the amusement of visitors and friends of the graduates.

The Columbian Literary Society has chosen the best of its members to present "King Henry IV," on the eve of commencement for the entertainment of the guests. Before the curtain rises, Herman Schnurr as salutatorian will officially welcome the guests in the name of the Faculty and the graduating class.

The actual commencement exercises will be directed by the Very Rev. Rector, Joseph B. Kenkel, C. PP. S. The Rev. Thomas M. Conroy, rector of the Cathedral, Fort Wayne, in delivering the commencement address will attempt to set the graduating class on the right path for their entrance into the world. Diplomas and medals will be awarded by His Excellency, the Most Rev. John F. Noll, D.D., Bishop of Fort Wayne.

John Byrne, the valedictorian of the class of '32, will then bid farewell in the name of the graduates to St. Joseph's. As the last strains of the College hymn die away the hustle and bustle of the students will surely tell that "Happy days are here again."

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### SILVER JUBILEE

A Silver Jubilee comes only once for a person as Jubilarian, but there are hopes that another jubilee, more important in kind may be celebrated. The day of a Jubilee is one of joy and mirth while at the same time one of profound contemplation, not only for the happy Jubilarian but also for the on-lookers. A day of this kind was the ninth of May last, the day assigned for the celebration of the Sacerdotal Jubilee of Fathers Meinrad Koester and Sylvester Hartman. Realizing the dual significance of the day, joy and thanksgiving, both consecrated the morning to God by offering to Him in Solemn High Masses their debt of thanks and gratitude for His manifold graces. After the two Masses, Father Nicholas Grie-we preached the sermon, emphasizing especially the sublimity, honor, and duty of the Divine Priesthood. The Services then closed with Solemn Benediction; Father Kremer, who will celebrate his Silver Jubilee June 12th, Father Koester, and Father Hartman, officiating as Celebrant, Deacon, and Subdeacon respectively.

The afternoon and evening were given over in a special way to the other phase of the Jubilee—the happiness and joy as realized in the company of friends and relatives. A twelve o'clock banquet was held in the College Refectory, at which approximately ninety guests were seated. Due to circumstances, a town day was granted but postponed

till the following Wednesday; when the students greatly enjoyed their visit to Rensselaer. Some, however, spent the afternoon in watching or playing baseball games, others as participants in the band concert helped entertain the guests. As a successful and impressive climax to the day a "Musical" was presented by the orchestra and choir under the direction of Professor Tonner and the Rev. Henry Lucks. Though this day is gone, it lingers in the minds of all as one of the most solemn and impressive of the many days at St. Joseph's during the past year.

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### CONROY ORATORY CONTEST

The annual Conroy Oratory Contest was ushered in by the College Band. After a request for sympathy on the part of the audience, Father Rapp introduced the first speaker, John Byrne, who spoke on "Black Prejudice," presenting a vehement plea for humane treatment of the down-trodden negro of America. His oration was followed by an ingenious and comprehensive talk entitled "Peace—A Glorious Failure; Its Future Possibility," delivered by Robert Nieset. Delbert Welch then afforded a pleasant diversion with a piano solo, "Impromptu", which was in turn followed by Charles Maloney's talk, "Another Noble Experiment," and indictment of the modern College and University Educational System of America. Raphael Gross next spoke on "The Leader of the World," an appreciative tribute to the Pope of Peace, Pius XI. The audience was once more entertained by music, this time by the sad and heart-stirring strains of "Liebsfreud," as interpreted in a violin solo by Paul Henderlong. A moment later the listeners were hustled to the bloody steppes of Russia, there to participate with William Coleman in "The

Red Dream" of Lenin. The end of the oration, however, was not to free the audience from those horrible pictures of an Atheistic Nation, for James Conroy in a powerful speech, "Godlessness and Education," hurled it back into the demoniac dens of ignorance and licentiousness, what once had been the sacred homes of Russians. As an intermission a piano solo was given by Charles Scheidler, while the judges, Fathers Landoll, Ehleringer, and Schon, convened in an ante-room to render their decision. As the judges required a good deal of time to come to a decision, the R. S. C. Quartet favored the audience with a few pleasing, not to say rib-splitting vocal renditions. It has been a long time since mere comic songs, such as "Tuba," were offered to local audiences. But hearty peals of laughter were soon hushed by the report of the judges. John Byrne was acclaimed the winner of the much coveted medal. James Conroy and William Coleman received second and third prizes respectively. Thus ended the most interesting, exciting, and most enjoyable Oratory Contest the local stage has witnessed for a number of years.

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### ALUMNI DAY

Perfect is the word. Perfect play the night before, perfect day, a perfect game, and for those gastronomically inclined a perfect dinner; to top it all off, for the students a perfect town day, and a perfect movie. What was this that was so perfect? Alumni Day, the day of days in the year. To be specific, the perfect play was "Three Wise Fools", a modern comedy bubbling over with humor, yet with enough melodrama to stimulate interest in the plot. Monday was a perfect day, so much so, that it occurred to us that the weather man might have

been an alumnus. This happy thought was quickly discarded as soon as the remembrance of other Alumni Days not so fortunate in climatic conditions flashed before our eyes. Of course the ball game beat all else on this day. As usual, the College claimed the victory; they hold that the score was 5-3; but the Alumni also claim a moral victory and hold the score to be 5-5. How that can be let those guess who were not here. The Sisters did their best to add a big link to the already perfect chain of events. Did they succeed? The memory of that dinner will not soon be obliterated. The show in the afternoon, "The Crowd Roars" filled with thrills and spills was a fitting climax for Alumni Day, at least in the eyes of the students. Alumni Days may come and go, but the memory of this one will always linger, for it truly was a perfect day.

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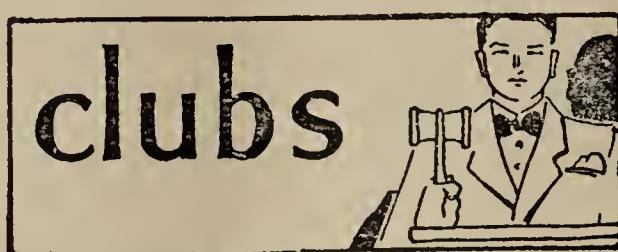
### AN EXPEDITION

On Monday, May 9, a group of nine students from the College presented a program for the children of St. Augustine's Parochial School in an effort to bring the St. Augustine's Junior Mission Unit into closer union with the Dwenger Mission Unit, C. S. M. C. Included among the nine were the quartet composed of Frederic Cardinali, John Byrne, James Conroy, and Leonard Fullenkamp; and four speakers: William Coleman, Herbert Kenney, John Lefko, and Herman Schnurr. The ninth member of the band was Joseph Otte acting in the capacity of master of ceremonies. One might be inclined to surmise from what has been said, that the program consisted only of songs and speeches. But this would be incorrect; for a spelling bee was also staged which furnished much entertainment to contestants and

spectators alike. It is fondly hoped that this will prove the beginning of a series of similar programs.

Herbert Kenney  
Charles Robbins.

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### COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The "Three Wise Fools," a comedy in three acts by Austin Strong, as presented by the C. L. S. on Sunday evening, May 1st, to say the least, was a real dramatic success. The success of any stage production does not depend upon an elaborate display of scenery, nor upon a flourish of gestures in reciting lines; but it depends primarily upon the individual actor's ability to shape his character as true to life as possible. In this, the cast of the "Three Wise Fools" may rest assured that their impersonations were not mere imitations, but that they were real, living, and vital.

This modern comedy has its setting in little old New York. In the midst of the hustle and bustle of Washington Square, three wealthy bachelors live totally unaware of the fact that life is something besides routine until—. A young girl comes into their life bringing a new element of joy and happiness only to vanish too quickly, but in the end to be permanently restored.

Theodore "Teddy" Findley—Leonard Fullenkamp, was beyond doubt at his best in portraying the somewhat dyspeptic financier who seemed to be

a gruff, growling bear, but who, underneath it all, was a nice kind-hearted old gentleman. In presenting the character, Dr. Richard Gaunt, an eminent brain specialist, Stanislaus Manoski with his usual degree of enthusiasm, hid himself amid the deep treatises of psychology to show forth the intellectual abilities and the refinement which his character called for. The Hon. James Trumbull—Joseph O'Leary, was an ideal judge. In build, he suggested inactivity, due probably to long and tedious sessions in the courtroom. At times he was strikingly deliberate and then again very emotional. Athos, Porthos, Aramis, are three friends, yet three distinct and separate characters. Well done, thou noble guardsmen! Miss Sydney Fairchild was perhaps the most typically feminine character seen on the local stage in many a day. Frederic Cardinali in his presentation used his fine voice to the best advantage and made a delightful appearance. Gordon Schuyler, a clean-cut youth was presented in a truly modern fashion by William Egolf. That polished touch which has accompanied his every appearance on the stage in the past was much in evidence in this his latest impersonation. Mrs. Saunders, the housekeeper, Gray the Butler, and Douglas the houseman played respectively by Clarence Schuerman, Joseph Leon, and Leo Frye presented three well trained, well mannered, and well behaved servants. J. Poole—Joseph Lenk, with his two able assistans, Clancy—Thomas Danehy, and an officer—Bernard Glick, really came up to the recognized conception of hard-boiled New York policemen. Belligerent and determined, they will find or solve anything—even the lost chord. Benjamin “Benny the Duck” Suratt, acted by Raymond Leonard, and John Crawshay, portrayed by Walter Steiger, “pals”

in crime, did very commendable work in their respective roles.

The C. L. S. has yet to present "Henry IV" for Commencement. This play is one of the many masterpieces of the greatest of dramatists, William Shakespeare. Outside of this play the C. L. S. has successfully staged four major productions this year, "Christopher Columbus", "In the Fool's Bauble", "The Beloved Crusader" and just recently "The Three Wise Fools". If the staging of "Henry IV" on the evening of June 6th attains the success merited by these former productions, then the C. L. S. will have had a most successful year to record in its long and commendable history.

T. C. H.

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#### AN APPRECIATION

At the close of the present scholastic year, the Societies of St. Joseph's find that they have attained enviable success. Before entering upon a review of their achievements, it is but proper that sincere acknowledgement should be tendered to them for the benefits they have given to every one who has spent the past year as a student at this school.

That the Dwenger Mission Unit had a most favorable year is evident to all who observed the activities of this Unit. The climax in its endeavors was reached in the holding of a "mission festival" on the afternoon of Easter Sunday. Many a missionary is now offering thanks to God for the help that has come to him through the proceeds of this enjoyable festival. At the final meeting of the year, a one act drama, portraying Russian life, inspired all the D. M. U. members with renewed zeal to work for the missions. The one who above all has been working

diligently in the Unit, scheming and planning new resources, deserves hearty thanks, namely, the Rev. Moderator, Father Cyril Knue, C. PP. S. It is he who has brought all efforts of the Unit to a prosperous issue.

In presenting their literary programs and their numerous entertaining dramas, the literary societies of St. Joseph's, the Columbian and the Newman, have rendered a service that deserves to be appreciated profoundly by all who live at St. Joseph's. Though every one who took part in these exhibitions deserves praise for his determination to do his best, yet the real credit belongs to the local dramatic director, the Rev. I. J. Rapp, C. PP. S., for his untiring efforts to make every play and program a masterpiece. It is to him that the members of these societies owe thanks and to him they express their thanks by means of this appreciation.

What would a program or a play be without music, or without the presence of St. Joseph's beloved music director, Prof. Paul Tonner? The splendid renditions of music that annually come from his organizations belong to the chief delight and diversion of everybody at this school. Others may surmise what difficulties usually confront him in preparing his programs, but only those who are in his charge know it for certain that it requires unbounded courage and enthusiasm to mould the raw material that comes into his hands into sufficiently artistic shape to allow it to be shown in public. But it is just this work that he does, and does with such success that sincerest thanks are due him from all his pupils and from all those who attend St. Joseph's College.

Thomas Danehy



The College's artistic personnel contributed considerably to the musical entertainment on the occasion of the local double Silver Jubilee on May 9th. The St. Joseph's College Orchestra, under the baton of Professor Paul C. Tonner, and the choir directed by the Rev. Henry A. Lucks, C. PP. S., presented a program that climaxed the musical season of 1931-'32.

Rossini's overture, "William Tell," was by far the most powerful number on the program. Each movement of this production stirred the imagination of the audience to the utmost, especially the storm scene, aided by stage effects, was a spectacle that will never be forgotten by all who were present. The playing of this composition in such grand style reflects much credit upon the director and his musicians.

"Musical Review of the Nations", compiled and arranged by Professor Tonner, was an improvisation made up of the various songs proper to the nations of the world and was accompanied with a short sketch, typifying by dress, dance, or song, the characteristic of each nation. In this group, the Hungarian gypsy air "Zigeunerweisen" by Sarasate, rendered as a violin solo by William McKune was the most prominent feature. The three remaining concert numbers are given in order of their worth; "Perpetuum Mobile" (The Rain) by Bohm, "Minuetto" from the Symphony Militaire by Haydn and "Argonaise" by J. Massenet.

The second part of the program was taken over by the choristers and soloists. Under their director,

Father Lucks, the chorus met the exacting demands of the music with splendid spirit. "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" by Leon Jessel was well done, and, as a background for the soloists, it displayed fine examples of rare technique.

Soloists, Frederic Cardinali, John Byrne, Alexander Leiker, and Leonard Fullenkamp disclosed youthful, fresh, and vigorous voices. They proved themselves aptly equipped to cope with the tremendous requirements of their work, and their popularity was attested by the repeated applause of the audience. Mention should be made of the quartet. Their number, "Mosquitoes", by Bliss, was very entertaining. The Hymn to St. Joseph's College, sung by the audience, ended the concert.

To put a grand "finale" to the season, the annual organ and choral recital will be held on the afternoon of commencement day, June 6th, in St. Joseph's College Chapel. Professor Paul C. Tonner will offer two selections, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by Mendelssohn, and "Chor Der Friedensboten", from the opera Rienzi, by Wagner—Karg Elert. Alexander Leiker will play "Rhapsodic March", by Peele; James Conroy, Rasbach's "Trees"; Lawrence Ernst, Gordon Balch Nevin's "Toccata in D Minor"; Urban Iffert, Vieuxtemps' "Romanza".

The vocal solos and choruses will be under the direction of the Rev. H. A. Lucks, C. PP. S. The following selections will be offered; "Panis Angelicus", by Cesar Franck; "Laudate Dominum", by C. Ett; "Dextera Domini", by J. Ahle; "Salve Regina", by M. Haydn; "Tenebrae Factae Sunt", by M. Haydn; and "Jesu Dulcis Memoria", by J. Singenberger, arranged by J. Henkel, C. PP. S. During Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament to be given after the concert, C. P. Lutkemeier's "O Salutaris" and H. A. Lucks' "Tantum

Ergo" will be sung. The finale will be "Tu Es Petrus" by M. Haller.

Valerian Volin.



### THE ANNUAL ALUMNI BASEBALL GAME

Was it a tie, or did the College win 5-3? That's the question. You see, the Alumni tied the score in the first half of the seventh inning, but the game was called before the completion of that inning. It all happened in this way. Senzig led off with a single to right center. La Noue was safe on Rastetter's error. Wellman loaded the sacks by tapping to Hoover, who tried to force Senzig at third. Wilson bounced one to Cardinali, but Senzig was safe at the plate when the ball got away from Rastetter. However, he retrieved it in time to get La Noue, who was attempting to hot-foot it home. Lear raised a high foul off to the right, and Conroy made a beautiful running catch of it, but Wellman scored after the catch. Then the game was called. Now according to rule 23, section 5, of Spalding's official baseball rules the score of such a game always reverts to the last completed inning. So from that it would seem that the College won 5-3. Of course, it is useless to attempt a reconciliation between the Alumni and the College over their annual baseball feud, so let's turn to some of the other highlights of the game as substantiated by the official score book.

The College started things off with a bang in

the very first inning. After a double play had cleaned off the sacks, Conroy laid a roller down along the first base line, and was safe when Wellman threw bad to first. He stole second and scored when Kirchner lifted a long triple to right field. Senzig tied the score in the second inning with a walloping home run into deep center field. The College got right back into the lead, however, in their half of the inning with a pair of runs made possible by Nardecchia's single, Hoover's triple over third base, and O'Brien's error. They picked up another marker in the third inning when Lammers singled through third with Kirchner on third base. Luck's single which Lammers booted in center field, and a wild pitch by Hoover gave the Alumni a run in the fourth inning. The College threatened in their half of that inning when Rastetter led off with a double and got to third on Hoover's roller to O'Brien. A double play, however, put an end to things. Both teams got a run in the sixth inning. The Alumni got theirs on a triple by Kallal and Hoover's balk. A pair of singles by Lammers and Rastetter with a stolen base in between gave the College their run.

Joe Gibson and Stan Manoski did the umpiring, and all jokes aside, did an honest job of it. Well, the annual Alumni Baseball game tradition goes on, and perhaps next year's battle may find an undisputed champ.

L. A. G.

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#### FOURTHS ROUT SIXTHS 4-2

After getting off to a wild start in the first inning, Rudy Kuhn, Fourth year right-hand ace, settled down and allowed the Sixths but one paltry hit, a scratch single by Nardecchia, to win the ball game and give the Senior loop lead to the Fourths. He

struck out five men, but issued seven passes. His mates, however, supported him in big league fashion so that he was in trouble only in the first inning, when the Sixths scored a run after the bases were filled by two walks and a hit batsman, Cardinali, scoring on a grounder to second. The Fourths came back in their half of the first inning to tie the score, due to a single by McKune, a double by Gannon, and a wild throw to the plate by Nardecchia. To forge ahead in the scoring, the Fourths put together a walk, a stolen base, and Migoni's single for a run in the third inning. In the fifth inning they counted again on a pair of singles by Migoni and Scheidler, coupled with an error, and two fielder's choices for two runs. The Sixths retaliated in the sixth inning with a run, but meekly went down one, two, three in the last inning. McKune, Migoni, and Scheidler starred at the bat with two apiece in three official trips to the plate.

Stanislaus Manoski.

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### LUCKY STRIKERS TIE DIAMOND NINE

Beneath the pleasant smile of Old King Sol, Junior League fans witnessed the most interesting tussle of the season, when the Lucky Strikers tied the Diamond Nine for the leadership of the league, by downing that team, 7-2. An extraordinarily lively spirit prevailed during the entire clash; the Lucky Strikers, however, showed their superiority both at bat and in the field.

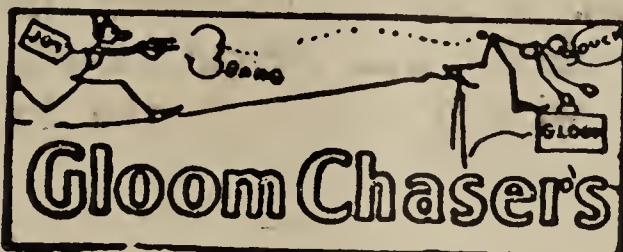
Besides pitching in great style, Gene Zimmerman led the batting attack of the Lucky Strikers by pounding out a homer and two singles. Hoevel, Van Nevel, and Schmitt played heads-up ball for the Diamond Nine.

Edward Hession.

## PANKIE ELDER PITCHES NO-HIT, NO-RUN GAME

Baseball's hall of fame has a new member, and the Fourth year almost has another pennant, just due to the fact that Pankie Elder pitched an 8-0 no-hit game against the Sixths. Only twenty-five men faced him. He struck out eighteen, granted two passes, hit one, and there was one error. His mates succeeded in nicking Iggy Vichuras for six hits, which were ample enough to win the game. The Sixths seemed to enjoy the whole procedure, and were well satisfied with their fielding, and the foul balls which they were fortunate to hit.

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Professor—Are you teaching this class?

Student—N-N-N-No Sir.

Professor—Then don't act like a fool.

---

Boarman—How long did you sleep last night?

Koehl—Full length—Six feet six.

---

Prefect—Is that your cigarette?

Student—Go ahead, you saw it first.

---

Parson—Why fo' Brother Jackson don' you raise yo' han' with dose of the congregation what want to go to heaben?

Bro. Jackson—Ah don' want tuh go tuh heaben. Ah's business man an Ah want to go where the business is going.

**TIZ RUMORED:—**

That T. (Garbage) Carmen Nardecchia has the most unique name of all the graduates. Carmen's motto is:—"If you can't do it see Carmen for Garbage can."

That Gross has finally agreed that the Masons built the Masonic Temple.

That James Conroy is still giving to all callers "Two dimes for a nickel."

---

About the only thing a Scotchman can't keep to himself is Halitosis.

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And along with other things, it is recorded in the Bible that a female chauffeur had the first automobile accident. The accounts reads as follows:—"And Lot's wife looked back and turned into a pillar of salt."

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**A COURT SCENE**

Young man, thou hast a sacred rule defied;  
Beyond yon elm, in wrong, thou wer't espied;  
Thou now are guilty of the smoking act;  
Disgrace upon thyself for lack of tact.  
I did not smoke and break the golden rule;  
I did the every wish of this fair school.  
Why had'st thou then that burning cigarette?  
I had it from a pal, who as we met  
Had cast it at me knowing that thou cam'st;  
In truth, the one of innocence thou blamest.  
Thy story hath my quickest wrath inflamed;  
I want no more of this and thou are blamed;  
The verbs irregular as thy own self,  
Thou writest till thou change, thou puny elf.

L. C. S.

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